

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1944

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© C.C. Beall



A julep made with whiskey "Like Sunny Morning in Your Glass"

WANT to taste something as cool as the breezes of a sunny country morning? Then... take ice, take mint, take the whiskey that's "Like Sunny Morning in Your Glass"... and make a thirst-provoking SCHENLEY Reserve Mint Julep!

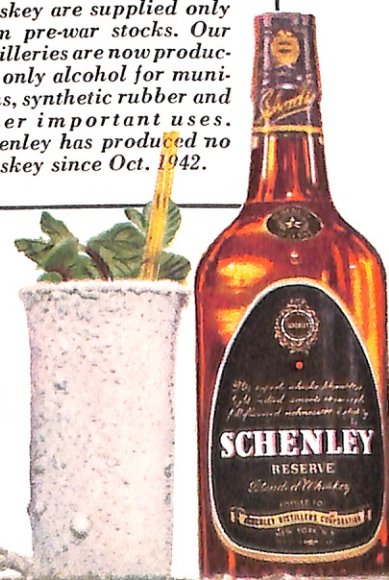
Settle back for the treat of your life... because the first sip of that brisk, bright flavor is as eye-opening as the crow of a rooster at dawn! Why is

SCHENLEY Reserve so outstanding among fine whiskies? Frankly, it's the result of *genius*—no less—in *blending*! No wonder SCHENLEY Reserve has won such popularity.

HOW TO MAKE A SCHENLEY JULEP:

Put 10 or 12 sprigs of tender young mint in a tall glass, add 1 teaspoonful of powdered sugar dissolved in a little water. Add one drink of SCHENLEY Reserve. Stir gently, then pack the glass with finely crushed ice. Stir again until glass is frosted. Decorate with fresh mint.

The basic whiskies in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from pre-war stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since Oct. 1942.



MELLOW AND LIGHT AS
A PERFECT MORNING

SCHENLEY

Reserve

They also serve,
who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

BLENDED WHISKEY

Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. 86 proof—60% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains.

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

TO ALL ELKS, GREETINGS:

A little more than a year ago in the great city of Boston, I was chosen Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks for the then ensuing term and I shall ever be grateful for the high honor that was there bestowed upon me.

In accepting the office of Grand Exalted Ruler I stated: "I feel very humble and frightened, too, at the realization of the magnitude and all-importance of the service that lies ahead, particularly now that our beloved Country is engaged in a titanic World War to maintain and preserve our American way of life and the rights of humanity everywhere. I feel strengthened, however, in the hope and belief that with your helpfulness and loyal cooperation, and a faithful reliance upon Divine Providence, success will crown our labors." My hope and belief have been more than justified.

Only a few days more will intervene until I lay down the gavel that was entrusted to me. I return the gavel with the same spirit of humility with which I received it, but also with pardonable pride and great joy because of the splendid record achieved by our Order during the year. Despite all the trials and tribulations and hardships that fall upon a people whose country is engaged in an all-out global warfare, our Order has experienced in many ways the greatest year of its existence.

As of April 1, 1944, the Order of Elks enjoyed a net gain in membership of 79,795 and thus realized a total membership of 627,513, exclusive of Agana and Manila Lodges. On that date, too, there were nearly 14,000 applicants awaiting initiation.

The subordinate lodges, as of March 31, 1944, were in possession of assets amounting to nearly \$105,000,000 and were the owners of approximately \$22,000,000 in War Bonds. The lodges of the Order expended for local charitable and patriotic activities more than \$3,000,000, which was never before equalled, despite the fact that more mortgages were burned and encumbrances wiped out on the homes of our lodges than was ever experienced in all the years of Elkdom.

The contributions to the Elks National Foundation, one of the greatest philanthropies in America, and to the Elks War Commission exceeded in a large measure any previous year.

Never before has our great Fraternity and the subordinate lodges thereof exemplified a greater love for Elkdom and exhibited a greater devotion

to the principles and ideals of our Order, and never before were the lodges on such sound and substantial financial basis as now. You may well understand, therefore, why I feel so justifiably proud and happy.

This outstanding record of achievements by the lodges of our Order was brought about entirely by reason of the loyalty and devotion of the officers and members of the lodges and by the generous and efficient service rendered by them.

During the year it has been my honor and privilege to visit a great many lodges of the Order in every section of America, and in doing so I have traveled upwards of 75,000 miles. I shall always be grateful for the generous hospitality and enthusiastic receptions extended to me on all lodge visitations.

Having enjoyed the exceptional privilege during the year of meeting so many of my Brothers in Elkdom throughout the length and breadth of our great Country, I have every confidence that our Order will continue to grow and expand and ever be the great bulwark of Americanism, always ready, willing and able to guard, protect and defend all our cherished rights and freedoms.

As my final word as your Grand Exalted Ruler, through the medium of *The Elks Magazine*, may I express the hope and prayer that as Americans and Elks we remain steadfast and true to the noble truths that bind us, and that we continue unceasingly to exercise our whole influence and strength for united action against the enemies of our Nation. It should ever be our whole purpose and ambition to serve the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks with loyalty and devotion and with all our enthusiasm and ability to the end that our beloved Order may increase in unity and patriotism and shine forth resplendent in its charity, benevolence and good fellowship.

May God bless you and keep you close to His loving heart. Keep America always American.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Frank J. Smergen

GRAND EXALTED RULER.



Learn something
about your War Bonds
from this fellow!



THE BEST THING a bulldog does is HANG ON! Once he gets hold of something, it's mighty hard to make him let go!

And that's the lesson about War Bonds you can learn from him. Once you get hold of a War Bond, HANG ON TO IT for the full ten years of its life.

You buy War Bonds because you want to put some of your money into fighting the war. But . . . if you don't hang on to those War Bonds, your money isn't going to stay in the battle.

Another reason you buy War Bonds is because no one knows just what's going to happen after the War. And the man with a fistful of War Bonds knows he'll have a roof over his head and 3 squares a day no matter what happens!

War Bonds pay you back \$4 for every \$3 in 10 years. But, if you don't hang on to your Bonds for the full ten years, you don't get the full face value, and . . . you won't have that money coming in later on.

So buy War Bonds . . . more and more War Bonds. And then keep them. You will find that War Bonds are very good things to have . . . and to hold!

WAR BONDS to Have and to Hold

The Treasury Department
acknowledges with appreciation the
publication of this message by

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PRO-
TECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMER-
ICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND
LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION
COMMISSION

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Editorial Offices, 50 E. 42nd St., New York City 17, N. Y.

AUGUST 1944

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 23, No. 3, August, 1944. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first-class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices (complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address) to: The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information: (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New address; (5) Old address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected. Copyright, 1944, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

ONCE upon a time when he was younger and better looking, our cover artist, C. C. Beall, was part of an invasion of France. Now there is another invasion, and Mr. Beall, known as Ted to his friends, has dreamed up a cover design of an aspect of French invasions which he knows well: it is an invasion of the homes of France and Italy which is no invasion, for the boys are welcome. They share their rations with their hosts and in return receive bread and *vin ordinaire* which help to crack the monotony of Army vittles. Perhaps you were in France the last time; then the chances are you haven't forgotten the *vin*. Ted Beall incidentally, is called Ted because his teeth look so much like those worn by Roosevelt I.

A gentleman named George Weinstein has come forward with the proof that there is nothing new under the sun. He dipped into the subject of "secret" weapons deep enough to disclose what we have always suspected: There is nothing new under the sun. In searching for illustrations for his revelations we ran across sketches of various war-making doo-dads dating back to the Crusades. They are sinister fore-runners of the devastating and intricate weapons of today.

In June we published an article by Stanley Frank concerning the dicta of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. "Mr. Baseball", as we revealed, is opposed to the big-league baseball system of farms. We thought there might be another side to this question, and this month we present it from the viewpoint of George Weiss, a member of Baltimore Lodge No. 17, who is the most enthusiastic Victory gardener in the game. Look over "Yankee Farmer" on page 6 wherein Mr. Frank reverses the coin. Mr. Weiss' farm system, we are told, has seldom caught him with his pennants down. Incidentally, Stanley Frank, who authored "Yankee Farmer" just before he sailed, flew or swam to England to spy upon the Invasion for the *New York Post*, is SWIF (Somewhere in France).

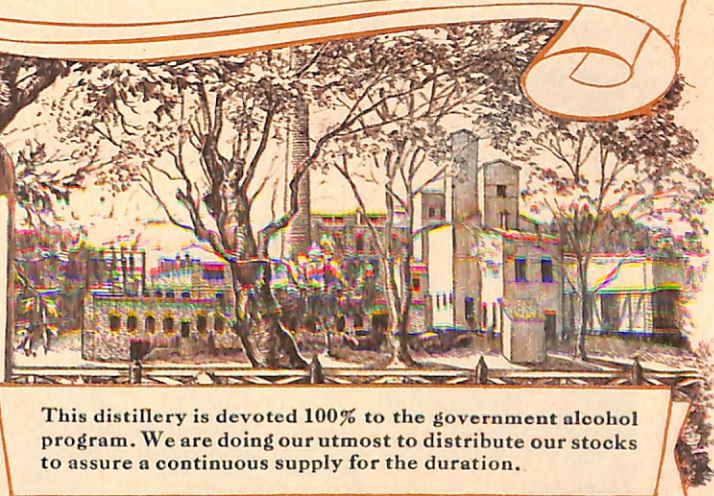
We have several other little gems to bring to your attention this month. On page 25 the Elks War Commission renews its plea to "Write 'Em a Letter". We admit you buy Bonds, join Civilian Defense Organizations, work in a war plant or otherwise contribute to the war effort. There is, however, a more personal contribution which you can make: Write 'Em a Letter!

We are also calling attention to a fraternal activity of the greatest importance in this vital year in the history of the Elks. Many thousands of new members have been initiated into the Order. The pictures of some of them—only a few—appear on pages 21-24. Mr. Hansen, our book man is present instructing you in your reading habits and Mr. Faust has gone to the dogs. Ray Trullinger still dwells in Never-Never Land.

F. R. A.



*No whiskey other than
that distilled at the Old Crow
Distillery is ever bottled under
the Old Crow label.*



This distillery is devoted 100% to the government alcohol program. We are doing our utmost to distribute our stocks to assure a continuous supply for the duration.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

**OLD
CROW**

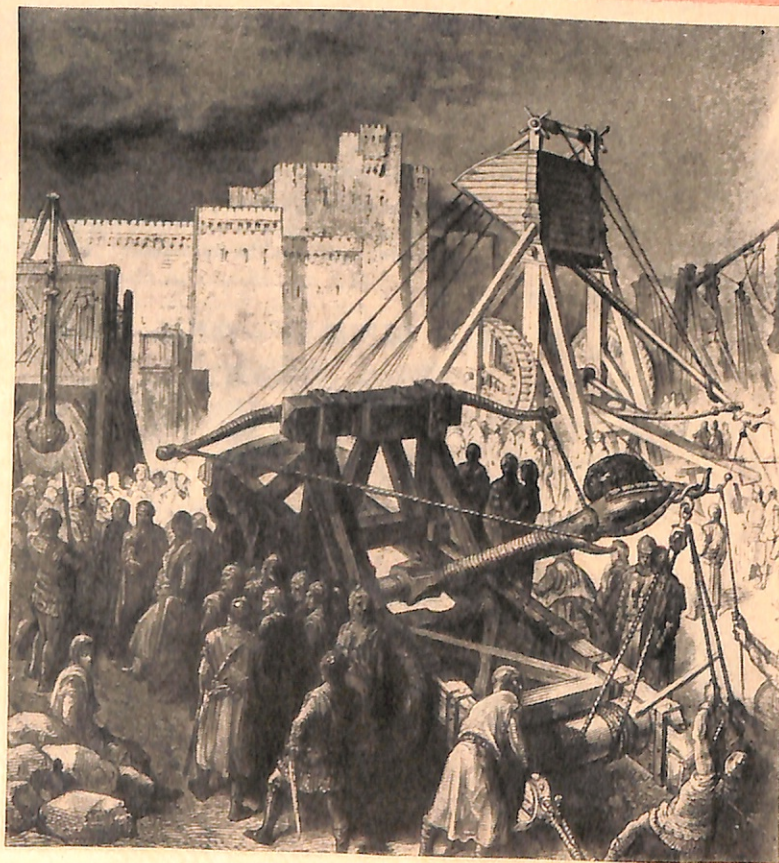
A Truly Great Name

**AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES
BOTTLED IN BOND**

"Secret" Weapons?

War-makers nearly always reach into history for their ideas. Even the tank was old stuff in the Middle Ages.

By George Weinstein



During the Crusades a "long-range gun" consisted of a giant slingshot which propelled heavy stones

Culver Service

THE most famous "secret" weapon of all time is the sling-shot David used to bring Goliath down.

Since then, and even before, secret weapons have cropped up in nearly every war. Very often they have been hoary old gadgets or ideas that were resurrected, polished up a bit, and then hurled at a pained and open-mouthed adversary. That applies to practically every so-called secret weapon introduced in this war or the last one.

Take, for example, rocket guns and bombs. The first rocket ammunition was fired about 1200 A.D. by a Chinese soldier, name unknown. By mistake he added saltpetre instead of salt to the usual mixture of charcoal and sulphur which was then used to make arrows incendiary. This slight error made the mixture an explosive one, and the missile self-propelling, which, roughly, is the principle of rockets.

The British used rockets against Napoleon in 1806 with great success. They destroyed Copenhagen and the whole Danish fleet with a rocket attack in 1807. And in the War of 1812 they employed this weapon against us. Remember "the rocket's red glare" in "The Star Spangled Banner"?

The British retained their interest in rocketry for another half century. Then, somehow or other, experimentation in this field waned and was not revived again until shortly before the present conflict.

Allied airmen have been pounding the "rocket gun coast" of France for months. They have been trying to break up emplacements for the "hundred-mile guns" the Nazis are reputedly preparing to train on London. This "hundred-mile gun" stuff sounds familiar. Let us hark back to a bright March morning in 1918 when a mysterious explosion sent Parisians scurrying for shelter. It was an air raid, they thought. But there wasn't an airplane in the sky or even on the horizon. Half an hour later there was another explosion. And at thirty-minute intervals for the rest of the day these explosions continued.

LATE that evening a French communique announced that Paris was being shelled by gunfire. Impossible, said the experts. The nearest German lines were almost seventy miles away. But there were those shells hurtling into the city. And they kept coming for more than 140 days. They were being sent there by "Big Bertha", a huge long-distance gun over which the Germans had labored long and secretly. Its range was about seventy-five miles.

The damage done to Paris was slight because the shells it fired had to be small to travel that distance. Disappointed with the meager results of the bombardment, the Germans eventually discontinued it. The discontinuance was probably hastened by the ever-increasing mechanical and engineering

problems involved in keeping the gun in working order.

"Big Bertha" had a great-great granddaddy, "Basilica", by name, which attempted to do a similar job of mayhem on Constantinople in 1453. Its range, of course, was much smaller than Bertha's. Mohammed II and his Turkish bashi-bazouks were besieging the city, which was protected by the stoutest of fortifications. Mohammed, planning for a long time to take Constantinople, developed "Basilica" especially for this difficult task. It was a monster cannon with a mouth twenty-five inches wide, spewing forth cannonballs weighing 1500 pounds. If you are ever in Constantinople (now Istanbul), ask to see one of them. They still keep them around as mementoes of this happy occasion.

The big gun's first shots terrified the city and shook those stout fortifications. Ships sailing the Golden Horn almost careened from the concussion. But "Basilica" didn't know its own strength, for after several shots it blew apart, scattering its gun crew all over the landscape. In spite of this debacle, Mohammed finally took the city, after his smaller guns had made rubble of its fortifications.

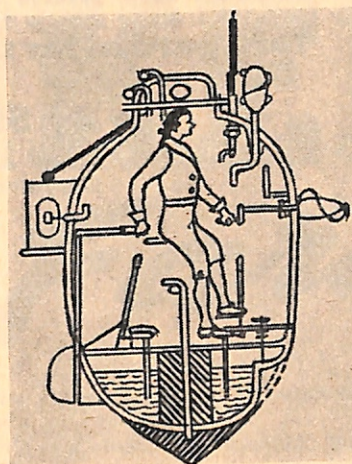
TANKS are run-of-the-mill stuff to today's soldiers but they were one of the great secret weapons of World War I. When those big grey spots appeared before their eyes on a murky September morning in 1916, the Germans must have cursed the quality of the Rhine wine they were fed the night before. But the sixteen tanks the British were able to muster up for that first attack were too few to make the effect anything but temporary.

More than a year later the tank must still have been a "secret" weapon to the Germans. For when the British unleashed 378 of them at Cambrai in November, 1917, they really went to town. In twelve hours the Germans were rolled back ten miles on a wide front. Up to then twelve weeks was usually par for that course for the infantry. From then on, the tank was an important factor in almost every Allied attack.

But the tank idea was not a new one. The fertile-brained Leonardo Da Vinci devised one in the 1480's that was remarkably similar to the tank of today. There does not seem to be any record of its being used in battle. The brass hats of Leonardo's time probably pooh-poohed it into oblivion. The British brass hats almost did that when the modern tank was proposed to them.

If these gentlemen had remembered their history, they would have recalled what Cyrus the Great of Persia had accomplished with the armored battle car more than five hundred years before Christ. He took the decorous chariot of his day and transformed it into a veritable Tiger tank. Up to that time the bigger fry used the chariot mainly as a means of transportation to the battle scene. There they would dis-

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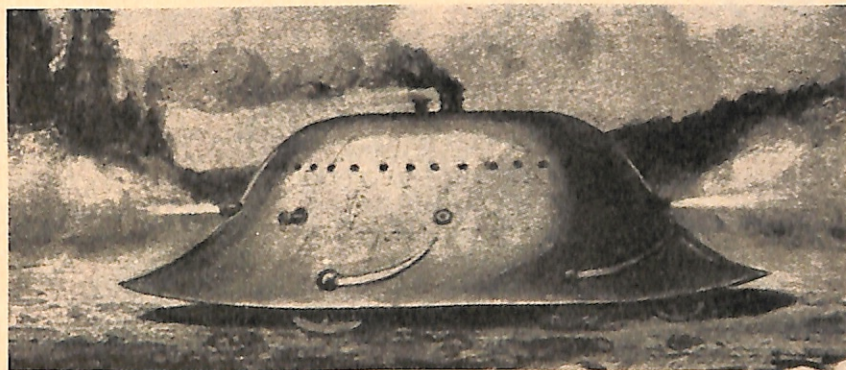


The "Turtle" built in 1776 for the purpose of attaching mines to British ships.*

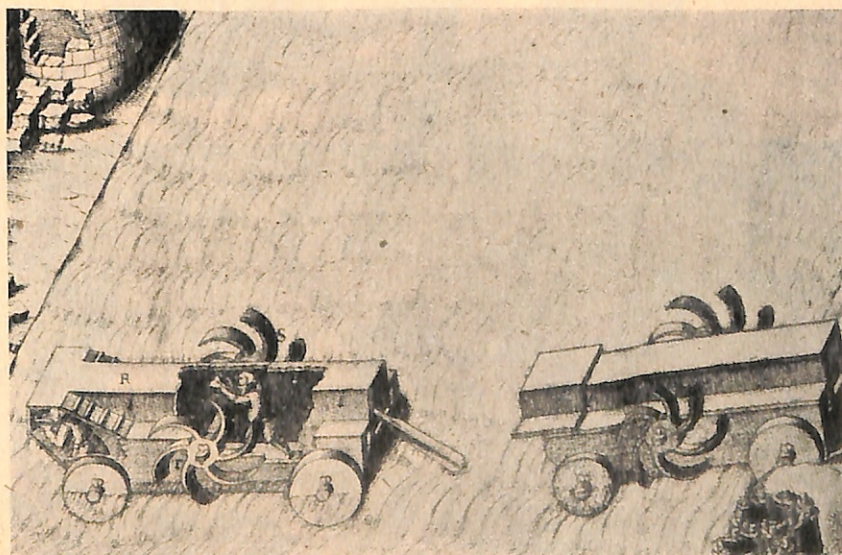


Culver Service

A fire lance, forerunner of today's frightful flame throwers.



Cowen's locomotive land battery of 1855, a tank of other days.



From "Tools of War", by James R. Newman, Copyright, 1942, Reprinted by Permission of Doubleday, Doran and Co.

A Renaissance conception of an amphibian tank.

*From a drawing by L. H. Ruyt from "Submarine Warfare" by D. O. Woodbury. Published by Norton.

About the man who has cultivated a Victory garden for the N. Y. Yankees for years.

By Stanley Frank

Illustrated by WILLARD MULLIN

RIGHT is right, there are two sides to every argument and it is only fair that Judge Landis' concept of baseball, given a once-over-lightly here in June, should be followed by a companion piece explaining the opposition's attitude. The most vigorous proponent of the farm system which Landis is determined to liquidate is the Yankees' George Weiss, ordinarily a mild, self-effacing fellow who has been made tough by the struggle for his own and the world champions' professional lives. He is a member of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7. Although the public knows nothing of Weiss, he has been for a decade fully as important to the team as DiMaggio, Dickey, Gordon and Ruffing.

As the director and chief cultivator of the Yankee farm system, or chain of subsidiary teams in the minor leagues, Weiss has discovered and developed the fresh talent that has kept the Yankees young and vibrant. From 1936 through 1943, the Yankees bought only two minor-league players on the open market; one was Joe DiMaggio, a steal at \$25,000, and the other was Rinaldo Ardzioia, a pitcher who never saw the light of day in a big-league box-score. The organization built up by Weiss delivered to Joe McCarthy practically all the players who won seven of the last eight pennants in the American League, and six World Series for a succession of successes without precedent.

Landis gives the fishy eye to the Yankees and the Cardinals, who originated the farm system. Says they are



YANKEE *Farmer*

stifling competition and undermining the capital structure of the game by monopolizing the sources of young players. Weiss demurs strenuously.

"There wouldn't be griping about our domination if other clubs worked at baseball as hard and as intelligently as we do. I was brought up to believe it's permissible to pull every legitimate angle, on the field and in the front office, to win. The technical level of the game never was higher than that played by the Yankees before the war. The careful training we gave our players on farm teams was responsible for that excellence. Instead of tearing down the quality of play by eliminating farms, other teams should utilize them to build up to a winning standard."

The farm-system fight is certain to be the most important issue in post-war baseball and since there always are more have-nots than haves, there are two strikes on those struggling to retain chain teams. Weiss realizes that public opinion is prejudiced against him; the farm system invariably gets a bad press along with such supposedly deleterious practices as feeding beer to the young, holding hands in the park and wife-beating. Weiss deplores this antagonism and traces it to the fans' failure to appreciate the scope of such operations.

"The farm system is the only substitute for money that will bring pennants

to the poverty-stricken tail-enders," he insists.

This is a startling argument, for it is fashionable to believe that the Yankee dynasty was founded upon the millions of the late Col. Jake Ruppert. When you think of the Yankees, you think of Babe Ruth drawing a higher salary than the President of the United States, of lavish prices and bonuses given for outstanding players and Ruppert's inexhaustible checkbook pouring money into the teams in his domain.

All this was true until 1932, but only two players of consequence have been acquired since through the power of Yankee money. Tom Henrich was given \$20,000 for signing in 1937 after he had been declared a free agent by Landis. DiMaggio was the biggest bargain since the Cardinals bought Rogers Hornsby for \$500.

"Money was a negligible factor in the DiMaggio deal," Weiss explains. "If Charley Graham, owner of the San Francisco team, had wanted to sell DiMaggio to the highest bidder, he could've gotten at least \$100,000. Graham was interested primarily in players to build up his team and we were in a position to give them to him from our farms. Graham got five men, plus \$25,000, for DiMaggio. Players, not money, clinched the deal."

Weiss professes to be baffled that the anti-farm bloc does not realize the sys-

tem actually saves money. Teams without sources of new material constantly are buying players on waivers for \$7,500. These players already have failed once and don't figure suddenly to swing the league by the tail. Yet even the poorest clubs will go for at least four waived players a season. For \$30,000, Weiss points out, you can pick up twenty promising kids and there always is the chance one may develop into a star.

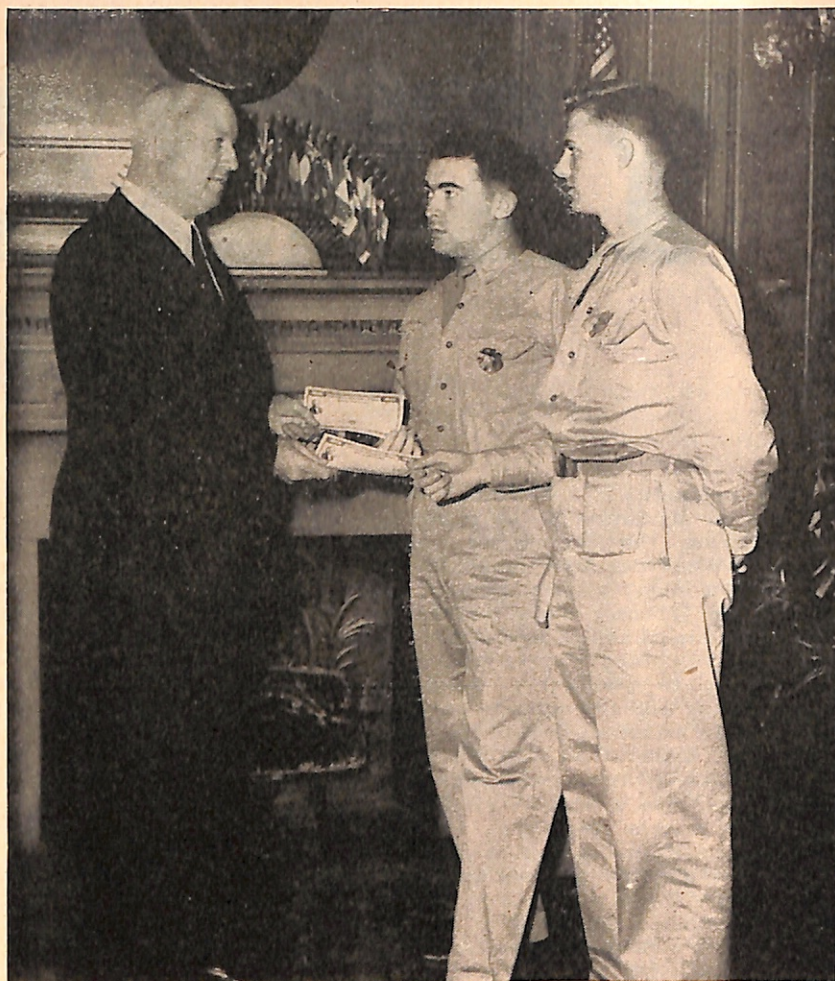
The classic example of the bumper crops that can be harvested on baseball farms is that of the Cardinals. Thirty years ago the drawing power of the Giants, Cubs and Pirates made them the rulers of the National League. They had won thirteen consecutive pennants among them; the Cardinals, strapped for money, couldn't hope to compete against them for new players on the open market. Branch Rickey originated the farm-system idea as an antidote for the Big Three. The last player the Cards bought was Jess Haines, the pitcher, for \$10,000 in 1919, but they're the Yankees of the National League. The Dodgers and Reds, who had set up housekeeping in the second division until Larry MacPhail copied Rickey's methods, have risen to new heights. The old Big Three hasn't won a pennant in six years and hasn't been close.

Weiss, the Yankee farmer, knows he

(Continued on page 30)

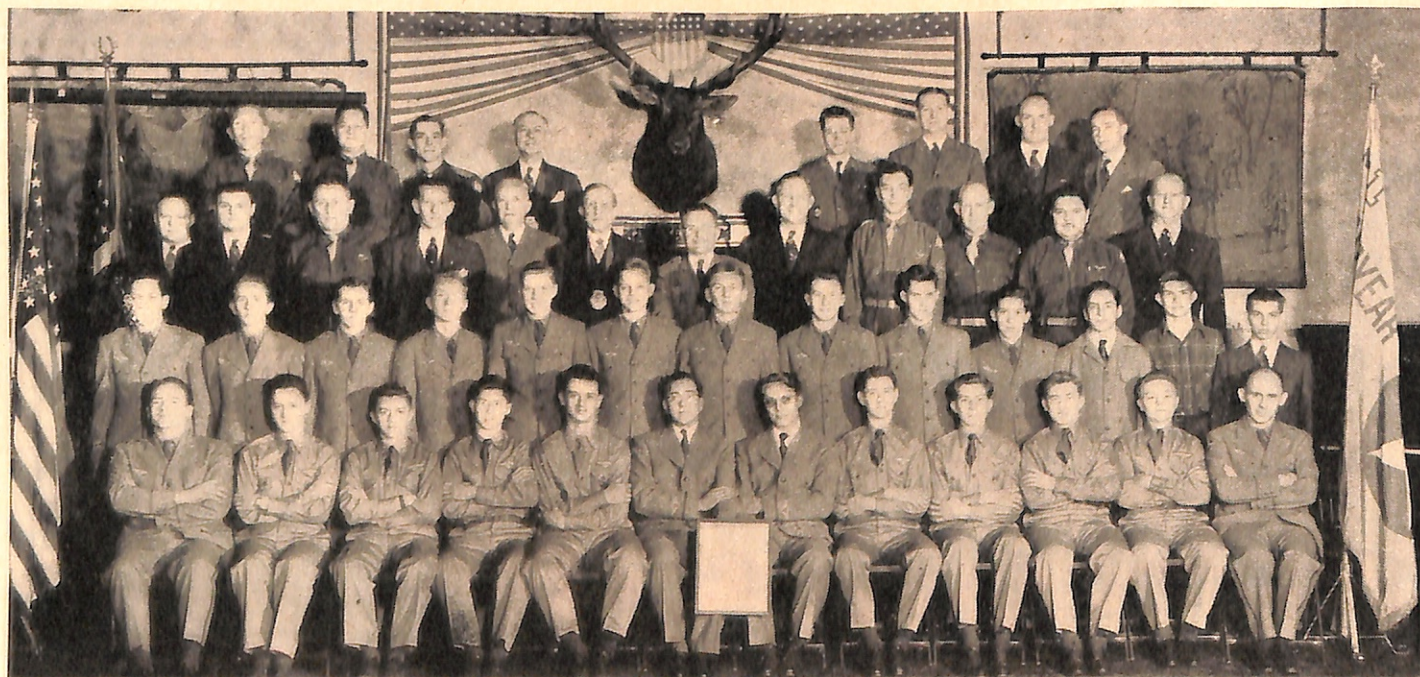


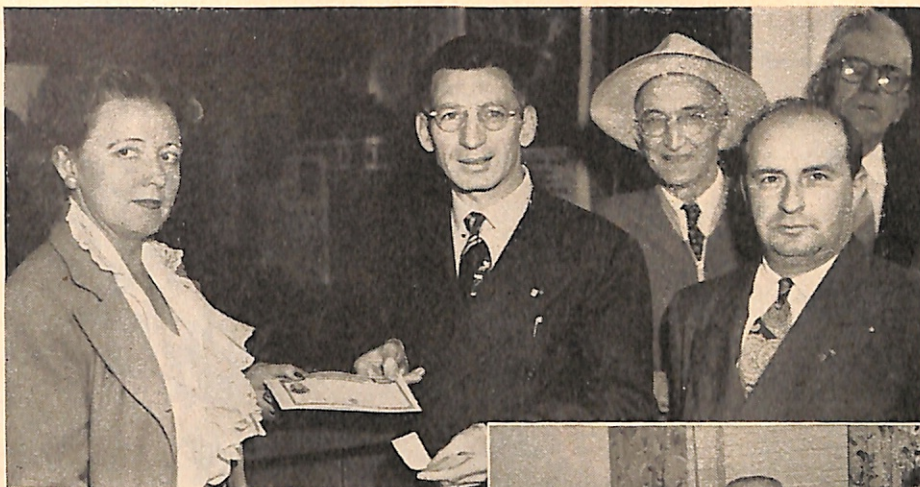
THE Elks IN THE WAR



Below is photographed the first flight of Canton, Ohio, Lodge's Civil Air Patrol Scouts who were inducted recently by the Goodyear Air Squadron of Akron, Ohio, shown with them.

Above: Former Postmaster General James A. Farley presents a \$50 War Bond to Pvt. Edmund W. Russell, Jr., of Tulsa, Okla., who was the 13,000th overnight registrant at the Elks Fraternal Center in New York City. Since Pvt. Frank E. Grogman of Kansas City, Mo., accompanied Pvt. Russell, he too received a \$50 Bond.





Left: As part of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge's Observation of D-Day, Exalted Ruler Burt Brooks purchases a \$10,000 War Bond.

Below: At Lancaster, Pa., Lodge recently, Air Medals and Distinguished Flying Crosses were awarded to members and wives of members of the Elks Flying Squadron who lost their lives in the performance of their duty.

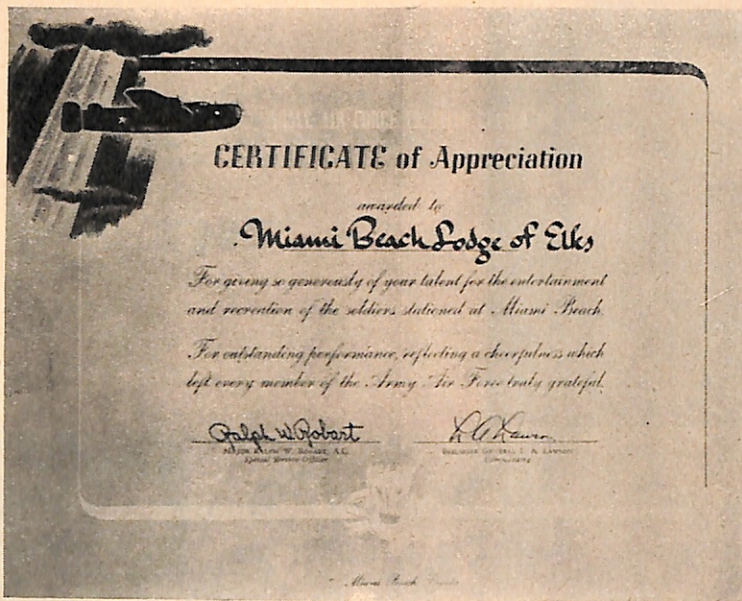


Above is a photograph taken during the presentation of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge's library of patriotic and war films to the educational leaders of the city.

Below: Sgt. J. Francis Cain, survivor of the Battle for Bataan and missing since the fall of Corregidor, returned to this country recently and was welcomed by the members of his Lodge, Sayre, Pa.



THE *ELKS* IN THE *WAR*



Above is a reproduction of the Certificate of Appreciation presented to Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge by the Army Air Forces in acknowledgment of the Lodge's splendid cooperation.



Above: P.E.R. J. Frank Umstot presents a check for \$500 to Chairman V. H. Northcutt of the Red Cross, on behalf of Tampa, Fla., Lodge.



Above: The Crippled Children's Committee of Mobile, Ala., Lodge receives the Joseph G. Buch plaque in recognition of their splendid work.



Right: Members of Vineland, N.J., Lodge are shown with the portable X-ray machine and electric cardiograph which they presented to the Newcomb Hospital recently.



Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler is photographed with Elk officials during his visit to Roanoke, Va., Lodge.

GRAND **EXALTED RULER'S** *Visits*

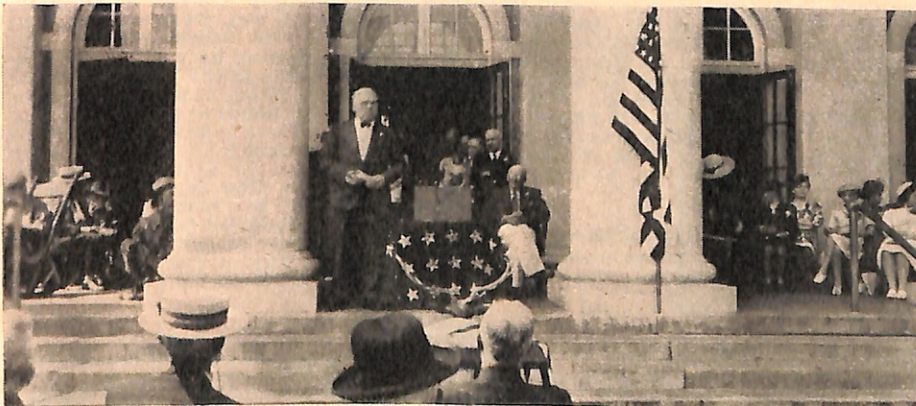
HAVING completed a schedule of visitations to lodges in the Pacific northwest, Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Loneragan paid an official visit to **SEATTLE, WASH., LODGE, NO. 92**. At the regular Thursday evening meeting, an enthusiastic fraternal welcome was given him by the officers and members of Seattle Lodge, joined by members and officers of **BALLARD, WASH., LODGE, NO. 827**. In a lodge room filled to capacity, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an admirable address devoted in the main to the Order's accomplishments. The visitation was made on April 27. While in Seattle, busy though he was, Mr. Loneragan arranged his time to allow for a visit to a blind brother Elk, John E. Gabriel, who has been on the visiting list of the local lodge for a number of years.

On the east coast, on Mother's Day, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the services at the **ELKS NATIONAL HOME** at **BEDFORD, VA.**, and delivered the Mother's Day address, as reported elsewhere in our columns. From Lynchburg, Mr. Loneragan was driven to Roanoke by the Superintendent of the Elks National Home, P.E.R. Robert A. Scott, of Linton, Ind., Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to **ROANOKE, VA., LODGE, NO. 197**, on May 16, was deeply appreciated by the members

Left: Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Loneragan is pictured on the verandah of the Elks National Home when he visited the Home on Mother's Day.

Below: Officers and dignitaries of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge with Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Loneragan during his official visit.





Above: Mr. Lonergan was tendered a dinner by the members of Casper, Wyo., Lodge during his visitation there.



Left: A view of those at the speakers' table at a dinner given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge.

of the lodge and numerous delegations of visiting Elks from lodges in the vicinity. Immediately after the broadcasting from one of the local stations of a radio address delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler, a dinner was given for him at a nearby hotel by the committee in charge of arrangements for the event, the lodge officers and other members. This was followed by a called meeting of the lodge at which Mr. Lonergan delivered an inspirational and informative address. A buffet supper was served after the meeting. Flags of the United Nations were grouped to form a background in the supper room.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of **BILLINGS, MONT., LODGE, NO. 394**, at a delightful noon luncheon on May 23. A delegation of Lewistown, Mont., Elks headed by Mayor E. R. Roehl, greeted Mr. Lonergan when he arrived in Billings and also attended the luncheon, after which they escorted him to Lewistown, arriving about five p. m. About

400 members of **LEWISTOWN LODGE NO. 456** attended the banquet given in Mr. Lonergan's honor that evening and the lodge session held afterward. The Grand Exalted Ruler's wonderful address was the highlight of the evening program. Among the Elks who attended from out of town were Judge S. D. McKinnon, Miles City, D.D. for Montana, East, Art Trenerry, Billings, Secy. of the Mont. State Elks Assn., and the Exalted Ruler of Cody, Wyo., Lodge, A. R. Fryer. State President Joel J. Steiner, Lewistown, was present. A large delegation of Elks from **GREAT FALLS LODGE NO. 214** attended, accompanied by their drum corps and headed by E.R. Warren Toole and Secy. Henry J. Angermeier. Mr. Lonergan's

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler is pictured with a large group of members during his visit to Newton, Kans., Lodge.

visitation was enjoyed greatly. It was the first made by a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order since John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler in 1931, visited No. 456 during his administration.

The Grand Exalted Ruler officiated in the institution of **LEBANON, ORE., LODGE, NO. 1663**, on May 29, and also attended the **NEBRASKA and IOWA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION CONVENTIONS**, speaking at the banquet at **OMAHA** on Saturday, June 3, and addressing the convention at **DES MOINES** on Sunday, June 4. All of these meetings are reported in this issue of the Magazine.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to **MINNEAPOLIS LODGE NO. 44** took place on Wednesday, June 7. On the preceding day, Mr. Lonergan arrived in St. Paul, Minn., where he was given a royal welcome by **ST. PAUL LODGE NO. 59**. On Wednesday morning he was escorted by motor car directly to the Radisson Hotel at Minneapolis, Minn. At noon a luncheon was given in his honor at the lodge home, after which he was taken for a drive to the many beautiful lakes in the vicinity and for a visit to the Elks Rest at Lake-wood Cemetery. The banquet that evening, attended by many out-of-town members, was followed by a regular session of the lodge at which the Grand Exalted Ruler gave a splendid patriotic talk. Several hundred Elks attended the meeting.





... may I urge you to hold on to
all the War Bonds you buy.

J. W. Harper



Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond
under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

it's always a pleasure

I.W. HARPER

the gold medal whiskey

since 1872



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky



Left are the new officers of the North Carolina State Elks Assn. who were elected this year at the meeting in Hendersonville.

IOWA

The Iowa State Elks Association convened at Des Moines on Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4. State President Robert Hardin, of Waterloo, presided. The host lodge, Des Moines No. 98, took good care of the delegates and other visiting Elks with a program that included a floor show and dance, held on Saturday night.

The war conference business session was opened at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan addressed the convention on Sunday afternoon. Presentation of first prize of \$250 to Miss Helen Buckingham, of Fairfield, winner of the Iowa "Most Valuable Student Contest", was made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. Second, third, fourth and fifth prizes were awarded as follows: Patricia Brouhard, Burlington, \$100; Marjorie Schmidt, Muscatine, \$75; Jack Hootman, Fairfield, \$50; Harriet Magath, Mason City, \$25. All of the contest winners were entered in the national contest.

Decorah Lodge No. 443 was the winner of the ritualistic contest. This lodge has won the State championship several times in past years. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: Pres., Henry D. Dukes, Centerville; Vice-Pres.'s: West, J. J. Meyers, Carroll; S. E., V. O. Dickson, Burlington; N. E., Willard J. Chadima, Cedar Rapids; Secy., Sanford H. Schmalz, Muscatine; Treas., Arthur P. Lee, Marshalltown; Trustee, three years, Iowa Student Loan, Inc., B. B. Hunter, Waterloo.

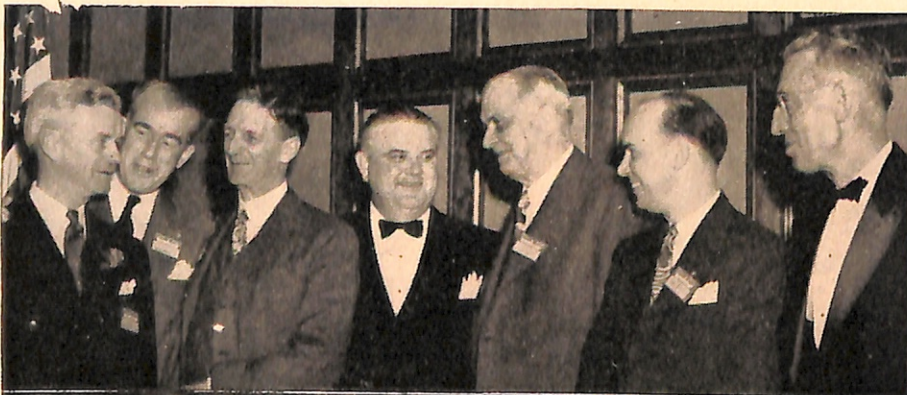
NEBRASKA

The War Conference held by the Nebraska State Elks Association at Omaha on Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4, was well attended. Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan was the speaker at the banquet, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner addressed the convention. First honors in the ritualistic contest were won by Scottsbluff Lodge No. 1367, second honors by Kearney Lodge No. 984.

All of the lodges reported gratifying increases in membership and intensive
(Continued on page 34)

Left: Photographed with Illinois Elk officials at the recent meeting of the Illinois State Elks Assn. are Past Grand Exalted Rulers Henry C. Warner and Bruce A. Campbell.

Below: Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan is photographed with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and Nebraska State officials at the State Convention recently in Omaha.





Above are the School Safety Patrol boys who were entertained at a picnic by Kokomo, Ind., Lodge recently.

ELKS NATIONAL HOME. Mother's Day exercises were held by the Home Lodge at Bedford, Va., on Sunday afternoon, May the 14th, on the grounds in front of the Administration Building. No more colorful setting could have been chosen. Shrubs, trees and lawns were bright in the beautiful green of early summer, and the day was warm and clear.

Deeply appreciated was the privilege of having as an honored guest and the principal speaker Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, whose Mother's Day address proved to be especially appealing to the large audience. The services were conducted impressively by Exalted Ruler Daniel F. Edgington, assisted by the lodge officers, and a beautiful program of music was provided by the Bedford Christian Church Choir under the direction of the Reverend Norman E. Allen.

The program, interspersed with vocal selections, was as follows: "Remembrance", Esquire Edward E. Otten, of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, No. 339; "Benevolence", Esteemed Lecturing Knight John A. Peters, Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98; "Protection", Esteemed Loyal Knight Robert M. Navin, Peru, Ind., Lodge, No. 365; "Inspiration", Esteemed Leading Knight Arthur W. Johnson, Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4; "A Tribute to Mother's Day", Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. The entire assemblage joined in singing the chorus of "God Bless America", after which the audience was dismissed by Chaplain Charles L. Smith, of Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge, No. 402.

Right: Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan with D.D. W. F. Hogan, the officers of Haverhill, Mass., Lodge and other dignitaries when Haverhill Lodge unveiled a bronze plaque to its members in the Service.

Below: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon with the members of Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge when their mortgaged was destroyed.

Under the ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order



er", Exalted Ruler Daniel F. Edgington, Wichita, Kans., Lodge, No. 427; "Mother's Day", Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. The entire assemblage joined in singing the chorus of "God Bless America", after which the audience was dismissed by Chaplain Charles L. Smith, of Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge, No. 402.

HARRISBURG, Ill. A cheery party of Elks from Harrisburg Lodge No. 1058 visited the Veterans Hospital at Marion,





Above is the Elks Mixed Choir of Benton Harbor, Mich., Lodge which has met with great success.

Right: Prominent members of Passaic, N. J., Lodge burn the mortgage on their Lodge home.



Ill., recently, taking with them the Elks' Orchestra and a group of entertainers. Also in the party were about 20 members of the Auxiliary of Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Among the 150 patients at the hospital are 60 veterans of the present conflict and 50 of World War I. The rest are veterans of the Spanish-American War.

IRONWOOD, MICH. The close of the lodge year found Ironwood Lodge No. 1278 with a 100 per cent paid-up membership of 225. Since that time the lodge has been initiating new members, not exceptionally large classes, but as many as sixteen candidates at one time.

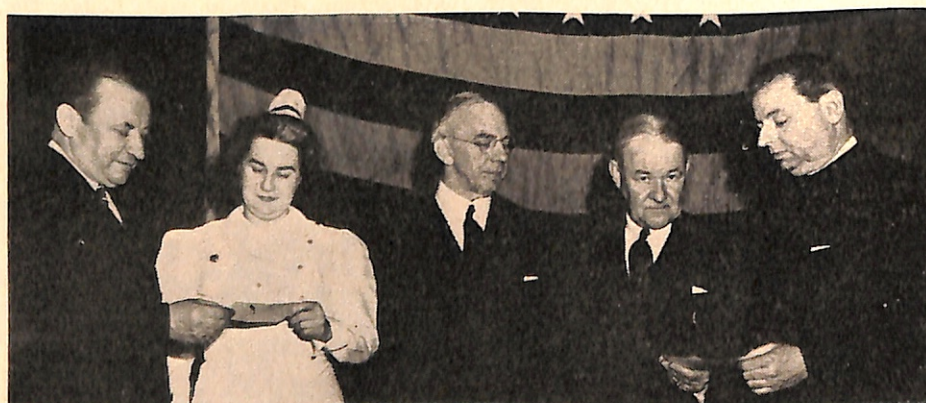
Ironwood Lodge has one of the most comfortable and attractive homes in the district. It also operates and manages the beautiful club house and nine-hole golf course at the Gogebic Country Club which it leased last Spring. The Club is open to the public, but the Elks enjoy

the special privilege of obtaining membership at a reduced rate.

QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y. "Coast Guard Night" was held by Queens Borough Lodge No. 878 on May 23, with 600 members and guests present in the lodge home. The principal speaker was

Rear Admiral L. C. Covell, Director of the Manhattan Beach Training Station, who was accompanied by some 20 members of his administrative staff, including Chief Petty Officer Frank D. O'Connor, Exalted Ruler of Queens Borough Lodge. Captain A. G. Hall and Lieutenant Commander James J. Liddy were guests.

Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan is shown, second from right, when checks in the amount of \$56,350 were presented by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge to a great many varied charitable organizations.



Below are some of the 350 people who attended the yearly Ladies Formal Dinner Dance held by Spokane, Wash., Lodge.





Admiral Covel, introduced by Mr. O'Connor, who presided at the lodge meeting, described the Coast Guard's duties in wartime. The drum and bugle corps from the training station entertained. A dinner for the Coast Guard officers, attended by Supreme Court Justice Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, P.E.R. of No. 878, and all of the officers of Queens Borough Lodge, preceded the meeting.

SPOKANE, WASH. Approximately three tons of material, to be fashioned into slippers for free distribution among convalescent service men, were collected in a Slipper Campaign conducted recently by Spokane Lodge No. 228. As a result, shipments have been received by Baxter General Hospital, Fort Wright Hospital and the base hospital at the

Above are a few of the 250 people who attended a "Tacy" Party and Dinner held by Dallas, Tex., Lodge.

Naval Training Center at Farragut, Idaho.

A committee of thirty members of the lodge, including co-chairmen Nave G. Lein, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and L. John Nelson, E.R. Russell O. Danielson and Secy. Walter R. Horn, put on a spirited two-week drive. The material collected, enough for 8,000 pairs, was sent on to Walla Walla where the slippers are made by the inmates of the State Penitentiary.

DUBUQUE, IA. In an endeavor to lay the foundation for a comprehensive

program of visual education in the local public and parochial schools, Dubuque Lodge No. 297 presented recently for school room use its library of patriotic and war films to A. W. Merrill, acting superintendent of city schools, and the Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. M. Wolfe, diocesan superintendent of Catholic schools. Speaking for the public school system, Mr. Merrill said that a gift of this kind from an organization was unique in his experience and that he felt that the lodge deserved great praise for its interest in the furtherance of education. The presentation was made by the Exalted Ruler, A. A. Meyer, at a luncheon in the Peacock Room at the lodge home, and at the same time, Awards of Merit from the national Elks War Commission were presented to Chairman W. Howard Bateson and members of the Elks War Commission of Dubuque Lodge. Nine certificates were given out. Also, during the luncheon, announcement was made that the lodge had been awarded such a certificate for the recent activities of its members in connection with the na-



Left: Among those who heard U. S. Senator David Walsh, speaker for the day at the mortgage burning ceremonies of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan.

Below are some of the 300 guests who attended the "Band-quet" and entertainment held by Elkhart, Ind., Lodge for members of the city's high school band and orchestra.





Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner assists officials of Sterling, Ill., Lodge in burning the mortgage on their Lodge home.



Left: Governor Coke Stevenson adds his dimes to the Mile o' Dimes project in which Houston, Tex., Lodge raised more than \$22,000.

tional recruiting campaigns for men to serve in the various branches of the Army and Navy.

In a brief address, Exalted Ruler Meyer paid a tribute to P.E.R. Dr. E. E. Locher, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, for the fine way the lodge's financial guardians had backed the program of the War Commission with unlimited funds. Also present at the luncheon were Harold J. Nachtman, President of the Dubuque Board of Education, and Dr. V. B. Vanderloo, the Board's immediate Past President, both of whom are members of Dubuque Lodge.

One-reelers included in the film library are "The Declaration of Independence", "The U. S. Constitution", "The Bill of Rights", "We the People", "The Bismarck Sea Victory", "U. S. Forces in Italy", and "War Scenes of 1943". Under the sponsorship of the lodge's War Commission, they had been shown to 50 adult organizations.

LEBANON, ORE. The institution of Lebanon Lodge No. 1663 on Monday, May 29, was attended by Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan who was accompanied to Lebanon by his secretary, C. C. Bradley, P.E.R. of Portland Lodge No. 142. The Grand Exalted Ruler presided during the institution ceremonies and from beginning to end the event was a complete success. Assisting him as Grand Lodge officers were A. W. Wagner, E.R. of Eugene Lodge; Vernon Perry, E.R., Salem; E. O. Thoman, P.E.R., Corvallis; Ernest L. Scott, D.D., Medford; Harry E. Nicholson, Pres. of the Ore. State Elks Assn., Astoria; Martin Coupe, Corvallis; John Sheppard, Albany; A. G. Senders, P.E.R.,

Albany; Justin A. Miller, Albany; John P. Hounsell, D.D., Hood River; E. L. Hatton, P.E.R., Eugene; W. L. Olsen, P.E.R., Tillamook; Clifton B. Mudd, P.D.D., Salem.

The new lodge got off to a fine start. A class of 80 candidates was initiated and a splendid set of officers, headed by E.R. C. Huston Walter, was elected and installed. The presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the fact that he acted not only as presiding officer but as speaker of the evening, delivering a wonderful patriotic address, were deeply appreciated. The facilities of the lodge room were taxed, so large was the gathering of Elks representing lodges from all parts of the State and including District Deputy Robert S. Farrell, Jr., of Portland, John Mohr, Hood River, State Vice-Pres., State Chaplain A. N. Nicolai, Oregon City, P.D.D. Judge Arlie G. Walker, McMinnville, several Exalted Rulers, and other officers, past and present. Many gifts were received by the new lodge from other lodges in Oregon.

Upon the conclusion of the formal proceedings, a buffet supper was served. The meeting, held in the pleasant quarters prepared for occupancy by Lebanon Lodge in time to be used for the ceremony of institution, was preceded by a dinner at the Lebanon Hotel in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan and the visiting officers of lodges in the Oregon Northwest District.

Below are the officers of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge who greeted D.D. Marvin Collins, Jr., during his official visit there.

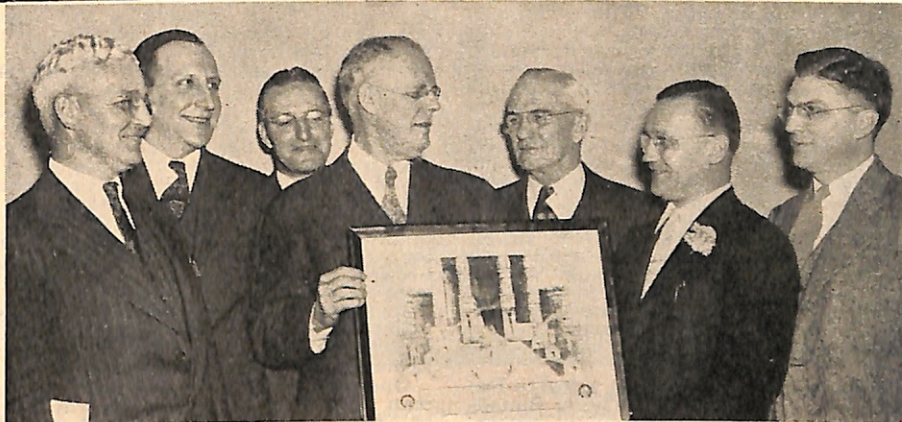
CANTON, O. Canton's first flight of Air Scouts became a reality on Tuesday evening, April 25, when Elks' Squadron No. 1, sponsored by Canton Lodge No. 68, was invested and its charter pre-





Above is a large group of new members who were recently initiated into Streator, Ill., Lodge.

Right: Judge Murray Hulbert, a member of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, presents an Honorary Founder's Certificate to the officers of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge.



sented during an impressive ceremony held in the lodge home. The exercises were preceded by a dinner given for national, district and local Scout executives, Air Scout Patrol members and the officers of Canton Lodge.

Induction was made by Goodyear Squadron of Akron, O., the first organized in the United States. The principal speaker, Perle Whitehead, of Cincinnati, O., Deputy Regional Scout Executive of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America, stated that the newly invested squadron was not only the first Squadron of Air Scouts ever sponsored by an Elk lodge in Region No. 4, comprising Kentucky, Ohio and West Virginia, but that it was the first and also the only one in the United States under Elk sponsorship. Canton Elks are proud to be connected with the National Council of so outstanding an organization as the Boy Scouts of America, and proud of their lodge's sponsorship of a Squadron of Air Scouts as a civic and youth-building project.

A number of local Scout executives and representatives of the Civil Air Patrol at Canton and the Taylorcraft Aviation Corporation at Alliance, O., were

among the honor guests. Acting on behalf of the lodge, P.E.R. Ben E. Lamaster presented the Squadron with an American Flag.

SAYRE, PA. One of the most noteworthy celebrations in the history of Sayre Lodge No. 1148 took place on May 16. The guest of honor was Sergeant J. Francis Cain, survivor of the battle for

Bataan and missing since the fall of Corregidor. Sergeant Cain has been a member of Sayre Lodge for more than 10 years.

In June, 1942, Sergeant Cain was reported missing by the War Department. He returned to Sayre on May the 8th of this year. Although the story of his experiences could not be told, the fact that he was home was enough for his many

Right: H. A. Dibb is shown presenting gold basketballs to the members of the two winning teams in a tournament recently conducted by San Diego, Calif., Lodge.



Below is a large class of candidates initiated into Hagerstown, Md., Lodge not long ago. They are photographed with their Lodge officers.





Left: A photograph taken when Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and L. A. Lewis, a member of the Grand Forum, inspected the Fraternal Center of San Diego, Calif., Lodge.

friends in Sayre Lodge. The evening of the celebration was designated Sergeant Francis Cain Night and a class of twenty-six candidates, the largest in recent years, was named and initiated in his honor. The initiation was conducted by Exalted Ruler Edward L. Galligan. Past Exalted Ruler William G. Wilson, of Ashland, Pa., Lodge, District Deputy for the Pennsylvania, Northeast, District, was the principal speaker.

Judge Francis J. Clohessy, of Tioga County, N. Y., a member of the Order, presented the Sergeant with a duration membership card and a check for \$25. This sum is given to all members of Sayre Lodge who enter the Services. Sergeant Cain is back on duty with the Army Air Forces.

LANCASTER, PA. When, prior to December 7, 1941, the Elks Flying Squadron was designated to play an important part in the emergency set up by the U. S. Government, necessary schooling for successful entrance into the Army Air Forces was provided by Lancaster Lodge No. 134. As a result, 40 young men were sworn into the A.A.F. on February 7, 1942, and sent as a group to Bakersfield, Calif. After their initial training at Bakersfield, they were sent

to various flying schools in the West, some as pilots, some as navigators, and some as bombardiers.

Citations—the Air Medal, the Purple Heart, the Distinguished Flying Cross—are known to have been awarded 18 members of the Squadron. Captain John F. Ruof, a member of Lancaster Lodge, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross twice, the Air Medal with three clusters, and the Purple Heart. After a brilliant career of more than two years in the Pacific area, Captain Ruof came home on leave and at a lodge meeting, he was the guest of honor and a participant in the dedication of the Elks Honor Roll Plaque bearing the names of the 80 members of the lodge in the service of their country. One, C.S.M. William R. Leonard, made the supreme sacrifice.

One pilot, shot down behind the German lines in Italy, made his way back to Africa before the actual beginning of the Allied invasion of Italy. Seven, all pilots of bomber and pursuit planes, returned to the States after completion of their missions on various fronts. Three members of the Elks Flying Squadron were killed on the Eastern front and three were being held as prisoners of war in Germany, according to word received. During the past two years,

Lancaster Lodge has at different times entertained most of the members of the Squadron when home on leave.

FITCHBURG, MASS. When members of the Order from Leominster, Clinton, Worcester, Gardner, Webster, Greenfield, Quincy, Cambridge, Boston and Newton, Mass., and Nashua, N. H., attended the ceremonies celebrating the burning of the mortgage on the home of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847, recently, they were signally honored to have with them U.S. Senator David I. Walsh. Senator Walsh, a member of Fitchburg Lodge, was speaker for the day and his remarks regarding the fine job which is being done by the local Elks fully expressed his pride in being a member of this enterprising group.

The Senior Senator emphasized to the gathering that the boys in uniform would protect our Nation from exterior offensive influences, but that we at home must not spare ourselves to preserve America and all its ideals.

As Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, Senator Walsh is well versed in the matter and said that "our Navy is now the mightiest in the world". He made a strong appeal for the purchase of War Bonds and Stamps.

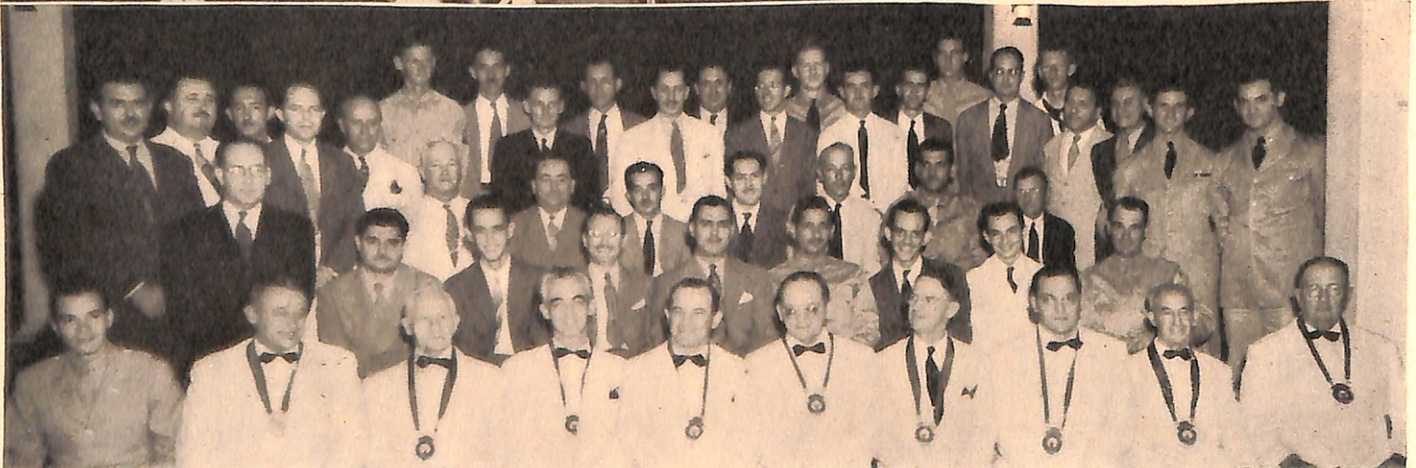
Stephen V. Duffy, Exalted Ruler of No. 847, acted as Toastmaster and introduced the following dignitaries: Senator Walsh; Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation trustees, State Pres. James A. Bresnahan; Barney J. Michelman, D.D. for Mass., West; Everett H. Dudley, city solicitor, representing Mayor Alfred Woollacott who was ill; State Senator George W. Stanton; State Representative James T. Violette; Bernard T. Moynihan, Register of Deeds; James H. Walsh, Jr., nephew of the Senator, and city solicitor; and the Hon. Bernard W. Doyle.

A dinner followed the meeting and entertainment was provided by Buddy Shephard of Boston.



Left: The officers of East Point, Ga., Lodge receive from Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland the J. Bush Ritualistic Cup which they won in the contest held during the Convention of the Georgia State Elks Association.

Below is pictured a splendid group of men who recently became affiliated with San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge.



RECENTLY INITIATED ELKS

*On this and the following pages
are classes of candidates recently
initiated into the order. Many are
shown with their lodge officers.*

At top: Tampa, Fla., Lodge



Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge



East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge



Ames, Iowa, Lodge



Rocky Ford, Colo., Lodge



Wilson, N. C., Lodge



Chadron, Neb., Lodge



Shreveport, La., Lodge



Saginaw, Mich., Lodge



Grand Junction, Colo., Lodge



Globe, Ariz., Lodge



Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge



Muskegon, Mich., Lodge



El Paso, Tex., Lodge



Kingman, Ariz., Lodge



Glendale, Calif., Lodge



Hackensack, N. J., Lodge



Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge



West Haven, Conn., Lodge



Baker, Ore., Lodge

Write 'Em a Letter

JOE E. BROWN

18 Oakmont Drive
Los Angeles 24, California
June 9, 1944

Mr. James R. Nicholson
Chairman, Elks War Commission
Room 506, 21 East 40th Street
New York 16, New York

Dear Mr. Nicholson:

My congratulations on your "Write 'Em A Letter" Campaign. Having traveled to every fighting front in the world and witnessed the reception mail from home gets from the kids, I can assure you that you cannot possibly overstate the importance of letters to our kids in uniform. Having passed through nine weeks with no word from home, I can appreciate the great feeling of joy a letter can bring, especially from your loved ones.

Every person back here should feel it a duty to write to the boys they know over there at every opportunity. Congratulations to the Elks War Commission job well done.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Joe E. Brown



EDWIN R. BUTTON, EXALTED RULER

JOHN BLAND
LAWRENCE KNIGHT
BENJAMIN WELBY
LOUIS LUNNEY
TAYLOR
JAMES WARDEN
TREASURER
PATRICK O'NEIL
TOLSON
FRANK ALTHAM
SHOUB
EDWIN HILLMAN
JAMES BLAND
ARTHUR MCINTOSH
CHAPMAN
D. H. JOHNSON
ORGANIST

B. P. O. ELKS No. 1539
Home Lodge of the San Fernando Valley
SAN FERNANDO, CALIFORNIA

June 9, 1944

Mr. James R. Nicholson
Chairman, Elks War Commission
Room 506, 21 East 40th Street
New York 16, New York

Brother Nicholson:

My attention has been called to your "Write 'Em A Letter" Campaign. I think it is fine, because in my travels to the numerous camps and hospitals and also in my off shore visits, the most important moral builder is not the entertainment that they are anxious to see, but their main interest is in letters from their friends and loved ones at home. On several occasions, I have seen these boys wear a corsage to prove that they were not "what kind of a show have you got", but "how much mail did you bring". I have seen these boys wear a corsage to prove that they were not "what kind of a show have you got", but "how much mail did you bring". I have seen these boys wear a corsage to prove that they were not "what kind of a show have you got", but "how much mail did you bring".

It would be well to remind the writers that only good news and something that might give them a laugh or a chuckle should be written. They have enough worries of their own without bothering them with the trifles that happen at home.

When we pray for these boys, only we know that we are praying for them, but when we write them, they know we are praying for them.

Fraternally yours,
Audrey
Audrey Devine, P. E. R.



THE Elks have led the way in stimulating the public to "Write 'Em a Letter"—to increase correspondence between men in Service and those of us who remain at home.

Two years ago, the Elks War Commission's cartoon contest based upon this subject was the backbone of a successful campaign throughout the Country. Thirteen of the best cartoons submitted in a national contest were published for thirteen consecutive weeks in 550 daily newspapers and in many weekly newspapers and other periodicals.

Many of the lodges have continued the "Write 'Em a Letter" Program.

This year, a new "Write 'Em a Letter" Campaign, sponsored by the War Commission, is being conducted. Hundreds of lodges are participating to increase correspondence not only between their members on the Home Front and their Brothers in Service, but on a community-wide basis, as well.

Here is a splendid opportunity for the Elks to lead the way again. WE ALL KNOW how important it is to the boys at the fronts to get mail from home. Mail is what they ask for first and miss the most.

Our boys are going through many hardships. They are fighting OUR WAR FOR US. The least we can do is "write 'em a letter"—not occasionally but regularly.

What some of the lodges are doing in the "Write 'Em a Letter" Campaign:

1. Mailing special news letters to members in Service.
2. Placing writing tablets on convenient tables in the lodge homes.
3. Setting up "Post Office" Pigeon Holes containing envelopes addressed to members in Service.
4. Drawing names of members in Service at meetings and sending funds and gifts.
5. Setting up committees responsible for writing regularly to members in Service.
6. Sending Lodge Bulletins to members in Service.
7. Writing "Round Robin" Letters to their Brothers in Service.
8. Spreading the idea throughout their communities.

What America is

reading



Reviews of unusually fine new books

By Harry Hansen

THE old idea that in times of stress and disaster people try to forget the present and seek refuge in romantic stories, in "escape literature", has not been wholly realized in these days of war. The most popular books seem to be those which tell about the war fronts and the men in action—all the numerous versions of how G. I. Joe fights in bombers and on land, how the Navy men patrol the seas and the Marines slosh through the jungles. Deeds of action are not only popular; they even make the historical novels go, and by leaving the modern scene the reader is by no means leaving scenes of violence.

Books about service on the war fronts are unusually good; some are exceptional. Moreover they are short, and if you buy the best of them consistently you will have a fine shelf of informal war histories. Books about ships have a special section to themselves and it seems likely that every important vessel afloat eventually will have a book written about it. Just as an example, one of the latest is "The Fightin'est Ship", the story of the cruiser *Helena*, by Lieut. C. G. Morris, U. S. N. R., and Hugh B. Cave, a book that tells just how the *Helena* had what the Navy calls a "hell-roaring career". The *Helena* was hit in the engine room by a Japanese torpedo at Pearl Harbor and one of its first tasks after being repaired was to take on survivors of the *Wasp* when that carrier was torpedoed in the Coral Sea. In October, 1942, it was in the thick of the battle of Cape Esperance, where it helped sink four Japanese ships; in November at Guadalcanal it helped sink five and led the crippled *San*

Francisco to safety; it convoyed troops, sank Japanese planes, helped sink four Japanese ships at Kula Gulf in July, 1943, and got its own mortal wound there. After that comes the story of the rescue of the stranded men—more than 1,000 saved out of 1,200.

This sort of history would be more or less routine but for the human element. For instance, do you know how it feels when the big guns go off the first time? It is no joke, even to the seasoned men, though they get benumbed gradually. You jump, says Lieut. Morris, when "the whole ship is one shattering blast of noise, and you jump like hell. Some of the boys laugh because they knew you would do it. They jump too, though. No human nervous system can be trained to accept that torrent of sound without flinching. But presently everything is fine again. The guns are still thundering, the ship still quivers, but you are back to normal. It was only the first salvo that bounced you out of your chair and exploded a bomb in your brain." (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50)

That's the story of a ship in action. Max Miller's book, "Daybreak for Our Carrier" puts its emphasis on the life of the men on board. With its pictures, this is an excellent description of how men train and relax, what their duties are, and how they are performed in routine and battle action. The men on a carrier are all part of a family, and when one is lost everybody mourns. The greatest tragedy that can happen on this ship is the necessity of returning home before all lost flyers have been located. If some shipmates are still drifting somewhere in a rubber boat

and no one can find them, it's tough for the crew and the officers.

A carrier is a great, big iron vessel without many trimmings. Living in it is like living in a factory. It is completely efficient. But a machine is nothing without skilled men to run it. Miller tells the story of the signal man, who holds little paddles in his hands and wigwags to the pilots who are zooming aloft, waiting their turn to land on board. Much depends on his judgment. Once there was a captain who insisted on giving orders to the signal man. The latter became confused and "blindly furious". He threw down his paddles and went below. Planes zoomed around wondering what had happened. Finally the signal man was coaxed back and the captain gave no more interfering orders. That's not only democratic action. That's just common sense. No one could have seen the situation just as the signal man saw it from his place on deck. (Whittlesey House, \$2.50).

Then there is the work of the ferry pilots. In "Bombers Across" by Capt. Edgar W. Wynn, introduced by Lowell Thomas, we hear how bombers, munitions, and men have been ferried across the Atlantic and the Pacific. Most of these episodes deal with North and Middle Atlantic crossings. These pilots and crews were highly important to the war effort but for many months they didn't even have uniforms. Ferrying bombers to Britain was begun in the Fall of 1940 because it was a hazardous and slow procedure to get them across the ocean on ships. The planes had to be dismantled, made proof against corrosion and packed in special crates and then the freighters that carried them were torpedoed. When the ferry was proposed even seasoned aviation men opposed it as stunt flying taking special training. But the new base in New Foundland shortened the distance. The difficulty came in getting off the ground in Scotland. As a result of crashes the base there buried forty-four men in four days. On the next trip to Canada Capt. Wynn nearly lost his life as the plane braved an icy tempest and, finding it impossible to land on New Foundland, flew on to Montreal. "It had been a date with hell—18 hours and 15 minutes long," writes the captain. Flying transport planes has its own set of hazards. (Dutton, \$2.50).

Another record, not too long, but describing an important chapter of the war, is "War Below Zero", by Col. Bernt Balchen, Major Corey Ford, Major Oliver LaFarge and a group of aviators who had a particularly difficult time in Greenland. Gen. H. H. Arnold, who writes a foreword for the book, introduced the survivors of one crash to President Roosevelt. The occupation of Greenland became necessary when the Germans began using it for weather stations; soon afterward it became a station on the ferry route to Britain. But it was a tricky place; the ice cap needed air fields before planes could land. Even so, the cold was terrible. The severest test of endurance came

when a Flying Fortress crashed on the ice Nov. 9, 1942. This was piloted by Lieut., now Capt. Monteverde. There were seven men aboard and it took five months before the last one was rescued; in the course of that rescue five men died. The strangest experience came to William O'Hara, who was out sizing up the locality when he disappeared; he had fallen into a crevasse fifteen feet wide, but landed on a ledge about 100 feet below the surface, and he saw two walls of blue ice on either side of him. His pals tried to get him up with a rope, but it sawed a hole into the edge of the ice and also hurt him, so he had to be lowered again. A parachute harness was rigged up and he was given a knife with which to cut away the ice at the edge. He survived, but lost two feet. Col. Balchen and Major Ford certainly make the horrors of the Arctic vividly clear. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2)

NOW turn to your map and observe where all these actions are going on. Does your map give you a good idea of how the flyers hop to Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland, Scotland or, let us say, Natal and West Africa? If it's the old-fashioned flat map, on Mercator's projection, it won't serve the purpose as well as one of these new maps on the "orthographic projection", which gives you the impression that you are sitting on a plane and looking over the bulge of the earth. There are some good orthographic maps in "Look at the World", by Richard Edes Harrison, which is called the Fortune atlas for world strategy. By studying the world as a globe, not as a flat surface, we not only get the proper proportions of the lands and waters but can see where the airplane flies. The shortest distance is not always around the middle of the earth but by the shorter circles near the poles. Mr. Harrison tells us that the great line of communication between the power centers of North America and Europe lies not over the oceans but in the far north; we have to command these strategic areas as stepping stones to Europe. In the west the Aleutian islands are not outposts but centers in the Pacific battle. "Dutch Harbor is closer to Tokyo than is Singapore." The Germans, by striking out for Africa and the Near East, overlooked the North, which would have been of more strategic importance; the Japanese "won a short-term victory at Pearl Harbor but they moved upon the Aleutians too late to shatter American geographic ties to Asia". In one map after another of this book Mr. Harrison makes us see the possibilities of the airplane in peace and war, in trade and defense. It is the plane today that makes the Panama Canal safe. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.50)

With Rome in the hands of the Allied troops a great feeling of relief came to a large part of the civilized world. For the treasures of the past still in Rome are incredibly numerous, and the memories that cling to buildings, streets and monuments affect many nations, especially the English. You have only to

open "Against Oblivion", by Sheila, the Countess of Birkenhead, to put yourself back into the enchantment of the 19th Century in Rome. This book is a biography of Joseph Severn, whose chief claim to fame was that he nursed John Keats during the latter's fatal illness, and now lies buried beside the poet in the shaded Protestant cemetery that is located near the Porto San Paolo and was hit by one of the few bombs that landed on Roman soil. Severn may not have been great, but he knew so many famous figures of the Victorian age that this book is like a guide through a gallery, where you behold personages in attitudes you never knew before. For instance, here comes the young Gladstone, only 28, and proposes marriage to his beloved in the ruins of the Colosseum. She rejected him then but married him later. Here the young John Ruskin, shy and diffident, calls on Joseph Severn and begins writing about the famous churches of Italy. Here comes Mendelssohn, only 21, just fresh from a tour of Scotland and writing his Scottish symphony. He is asked to play something and, like Alec Templeton, gets someone to suggest a theme, whereupon he improvises enchantingly. Here Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton writes his "Rienzi" but he can't find a copy of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire", because the church authorities have prohibited it; Severn has a copy and gets permission to let Bulwer Lytton read it. And finally Sir Walter Scott, dying, comes with his daughter, and they listen as Joseph Severn, who is British consul by that time as well as a fashionable painter, tells the story of Keats' tragic death. And it embarrasses them, for Scott's son-in-law, Lockhart, wrote one of the reviews that hurt all the friends of Keats and made Shelley declare that it helped cause Keats' death. Thus we are back in Victorian times in this interesting book, seeing society in papal Rome, observing how much Rome meant to the British. There is even a memory of the church of San Lorenzo, which was badly bombed by American flyers early in the campaign. That church was in the center of the district where the dead from the cholera epidemic were thrown into pits at the rate of 300 bodies a night while the disease raged. If you enjoy tales about the romantic poets and the past, here is an enchanting book. (Macmillan, \$3)

EVERY army writes its own songs, sooner or later. It marches to war singing the popular songs of the hour, plus some of the traditional ditties that top sergeants have taught the recruits. After the men have been associated in camp and in fighting they develop their own kind of songs. When the American Civil War began the troops of the South under Albert Sidney Johnston marched out of New Orleans to the tune of "Listen to the Mocking Bird". The Northern boys sang "John Brown's Body". "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle" were older, traditional songs; "Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic" were composed

under the stress of the hour. In 1898 the troops sang "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight". "Over There" was composed by George M. Cohan for the first World War, but the men preferred "Mademoiselle from Armentières", to which they added innumerable verses. This time the North American invasion contributed "Gertie from Bizerte", which seems to be another long-winded ballad.

Some of the newest songs are to be found in "G. I. Songs", written by men in the Service, edited by Edgar A. Palmer. (Sheridan House, \$2.75). Fortunately, these are the verses you can sing. The unprintable ones have been left out. Some of them are rowdy, however, and some tough. But the men don't stand on ceremony when they sing.

ONE determined woman, with her jaw set, accomplished such wonders in the old kingdom of Siam about eighty years ago that it is still a matter for astonishment. She was a widowed Englishwoman, Anna Harriette Leontowens, who answered the request of the king of Siam to become the teacher of the palace children. Actually this was a job for a governess, at \$100 a month and lodgings. But the woman, as Margaret Landon tells in a remarkable book that reads like a novel, "Anna and the King of Siam", was a crusader who wasn't satisfied to sit still when she saw all sorts of abuses in Siam, but went right to headquarters—the king and the minister of state—to get things righted. And because she talked so much about Abraham Lincoln and his freeing of the slaves to the young prince whom she taught, she convinced him that slavery was unjust, with the result that he introduced a series of reforms when he became king and abolished slavery. Thus the Lincoln influence extended, through a sympathetic Englishwoman, to far-off Siam and brought that country closer to democratic life.

This isn't biography and it isn't a travel book, yet it reads like both. It also reads like a continued story, full of anecdotes, both amusing and horrifying. On one more serious occasion Anna obtained the release of a girl slave by payment of the legal redemption fee, although in doing so she had to oppose the queen and take the case to the courts. One of the most terrible experiences that she went through in Siam was her attempt to save the life of a girl who had disguised herself to enter a monastery where her former lover was a priest. Death and torture were the penalty for such conduct and it was applied in the old Siamese manner, though Anna interfered heroically to save the girl. Anna left Siam in 1867. She lived after that in England and Canada, and in visiting the United States became acquainted with such distinguished Americans as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow and Lowell. Mrs. Landon, who has written this admirable book about her, is the wife of Dr. Kenneth Landon, head of the Siam, or Thai, section of the State Department. (John Day Co., \$3.75)

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In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



**Does Fido really use
his think-tank or is he
simply a creature of
blind instinct?**

BETWEEN the extremes of any opinion there lies a middle ground of sensible understanding and never is this more true than when the subject is dogs. Perhaps the one question that provokes the widest difference of opinion is the matter of whether Fido really uses his think-tank or is simply a creature of blind instinct.

Now I have no particular quarrel with the person who holds that dogs possess nearly all the virtues of character and intellect that you'll find among people. I only am convinced that such belief does more harm to our four-legged friends than it does good. It's a kind of sentimental wishful thinking that is likely to make those who are unbiased take an opposite view. And I certainly don't subscribe to the belief held by others that Fido is an unreasoning cluck whose behavior was determined for him thousands of years ago by his ancestors.

Remember, I said that there's a middle ground where sensible understanding lies. So far as animal intelligence goes this is pretty well defined by Fairfield Osborn who, as head of the New York Zoological Society, surely can be accepted as an authority on the subject. In a recent editorial—and, incidentally, Mr. Osborn writes very well—he says: "Anyone who studies the actions of animals meets with endless surprises as to the things they do which are clearly outside the realm of pure instinct and definitely in the area of this 'fringe of intelligence.'" The reason for the quotes he uses is because he cites an excerpt from a book, "Creative Evolution", by Henri Bergson in which the latter

says, "There is no intelligence in which some trace of instinct is not to be discovered... more especially no instinct that is not surrounded with a fringe of intelligence." Mr. Osborn adds that since the above was written (thirty years ago), experimental work has added considerably to the understanding of animal intelligence and behaviorism and that the degree to which they (animals) are able to make use of artificial devices is too often used to measure their intelligence.

In other words, when animals fail to master certain complicated—to them, but to us simple—stunts, this is no indication of lack of intelligence. As head of America's largest Zoo, one of the largest in the world, Mr. Osborn has more than a mere animal trainer's knowledge of the subject.

As with others who try to keep to the middle ground when writing about dogs, I have said much the same thing about them in a less learned way. To expect an animal, a dog, to reason and, yes, even do some of the things—simple things—that we'd expect a human being to do is utterly unfair to the dog. But to view the dog for what he is—an animal whose actions are caused by both instinct and intelligence, that, to this reporter's way of thinking brings no disappointments but instead may result in "endless surprises".

No discussion of Fido's mental processes would be complete unless we consider something of his history, particularly in his relation to the human race. I haul in the latter because undoubtedly the dog's long as-

(Continued on page 42)



Not an **A** Card in Ye Group

Wherever they went, they walked . . . on guard at every step. Hardships taught our forefathers the virtue of self-reliance and the need for co-operation. Thus, in the humble cradle of privation, the spirit of our Democracy was born.

Our enemies foolishly ignored the enduring influence of our Nation's heritage when they jeered that we were too soft to fight. Little did they dream that, almost overnight, free men could perfect the finest and best-equipped fighting forces the world has ever seen.

So, today when good citizens see an A card on a windshield, they recognize it as a symbol of what people can accomplish who have learned from experience to work together to attain a common objective.

That same spirit will win this war—and in peacetime that same unity of effort will keep America strong and prosperous for our men and women now on the fighting front.

* * *

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.



Most folks are more tired than usual when they finish each wartime day. A bottle of golden, foaming Budweiser is a welcome companion in a moment of relaxation—and it makes simple, wartime meals taste better.

Budweiser

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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

Yankee Farmer

(Continued from page 7)

has a hard job plowing under those jealous of the champions' supremacy, but he's an old hand at uprooting the "interests". His enterprise as the operator of a semi-pro team once disrupted an entire league and caused more trouble for the team that had won a World Series than it had met on the field.

A briskly efficient fellow who likes conviviality only among old friends, Weiss was born in New Haven in 1895, the son of a grocery storekeeper. He wasn't good enough to play on the high-school team, but he compromised and became the manager. In that capacity Weiss made the team more famous than a no-hit, no-run pitcher with a batting average of .687.

Business at the grocery store was good enough to send George to Yale in 1913, but he still ran around with the old high-school bunch. Virtually the entire New Haven High team turned semi-pro in 1914 and, as the Colonials, played all comers booked by Weiss. At that time Sunday baseball was prohibited in New Haven, a member of the Eastern League. Weiss leased an open diamond at Westville, which observed no Blue Laws, and made a good week's pay for himself and the Colonials by scheduling Sunday games. The high-school kids built up such a home-town reputation that the local heroes of the Eastern League were forced to play a post-season game with the Colonials, who gave the pros a first-class scare before succumbing.

The Eastern League blew up in '15 during the Federal League rumpus and Weiss capitalized handsomely on the situation in New Haven. He leased a real ball park in East Haven and shrewdly exploited football interest in Yale by importing Ivy League gridiron stars who also happened to be pretty fair ball players. Weiss now was in a position to get baseball and football fans coming and going and they came a-running to see the local boys play big-leaguers, who were being kept inactive by the ban on Sunday baseball in New York and Boston. The big-leaguers were very happy to play the Colonials and make a quick touch. The semi-pros were drawing so well that Weiss could afford to pay Ty Cobb and Walter Johnson the then fabulous fee of \$500 for a single appearance. The only difficulty was getting enough cops to keep the crowds under control.

Although he was a young squirt of twenty, Weiss refused to take a pushing-

around from anyone. Before the 1915 World Series, he signed the Red Sox for an exhibition game, with Ruth pitching, in the event they won the championship from the Phillies. The Red Sox won the decisive game on a Thursday and the advance sale in New Haven was extremely gratifying—sports slang for a sellout.

The Eastern League had been sharing in the Colonials' profits in return for territorial rights, but certain parties watching the customers fight for tickets to the Red Sox exhibition decided to hold-up Weiss for a larger cut of the gate. Weiss told the bandits to take a flying leap for themselves, whereupon they appealed to Ban Johnson, president of the American League, for Justice, which is blind as casual examination of any statue of the lady will prove. Johnson, without investigating the facts in the case, fined the Red Sox their World Series medals, the fees they had received for the game and passed the rule—still in force—that no more than three members of a World Series team could appear together in a post-season game.

On another occasion Weiss advertised the Yankees for an exhibition with Babe Ruth playing first base. The Babe, detoured by other distractions, failed to show up and Weiss refused to pay off. Ed Barrow, now Weiss' hard-bitten superior, screamed bloody murder and

carried the case to Landis, who ruled in favor of the busher. Barrow made a mental note to watch the young man who was smart enough to make the great Yankees pay through the nose.

Weiss has a peculiar faculty for making people remember him. In 1915, the first year Ruppert owned the Yankees, Weiss talked him into an exhibition game with the Colonials at the Polo Grounds upon the Yankees' return from Spring training in Florida.

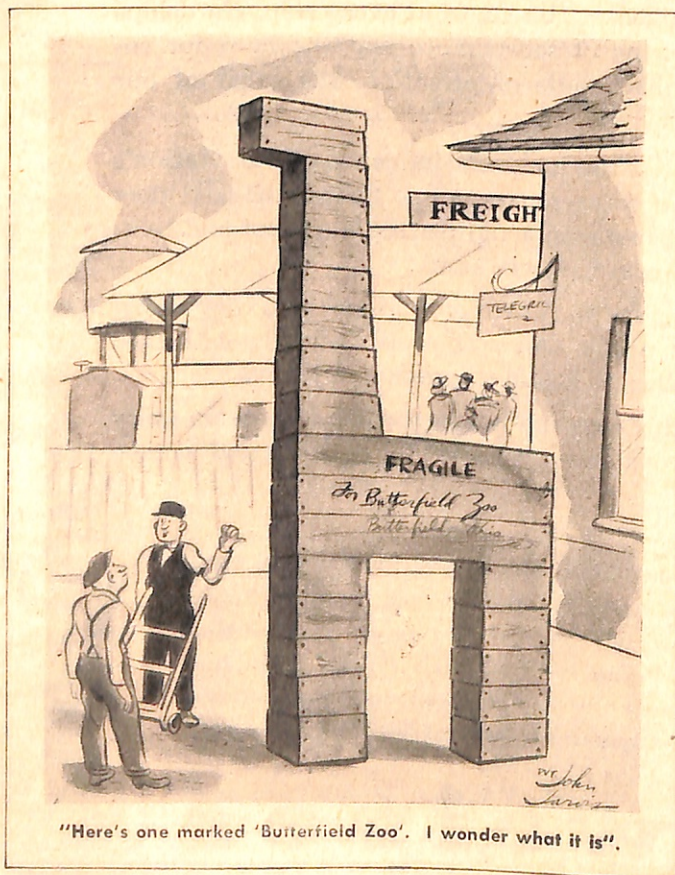
"It was the coldest day in the history of the world," Weiss recalls. "The game drew 157 paid admissions and our share of the gate was \$20.85."

That was the last time a semi-pro outfit played a big-league team in its ball park. Ruppert never forgot the frost (sic)—or the sales-talk the busher gave him. He hired Weiss in 1932.

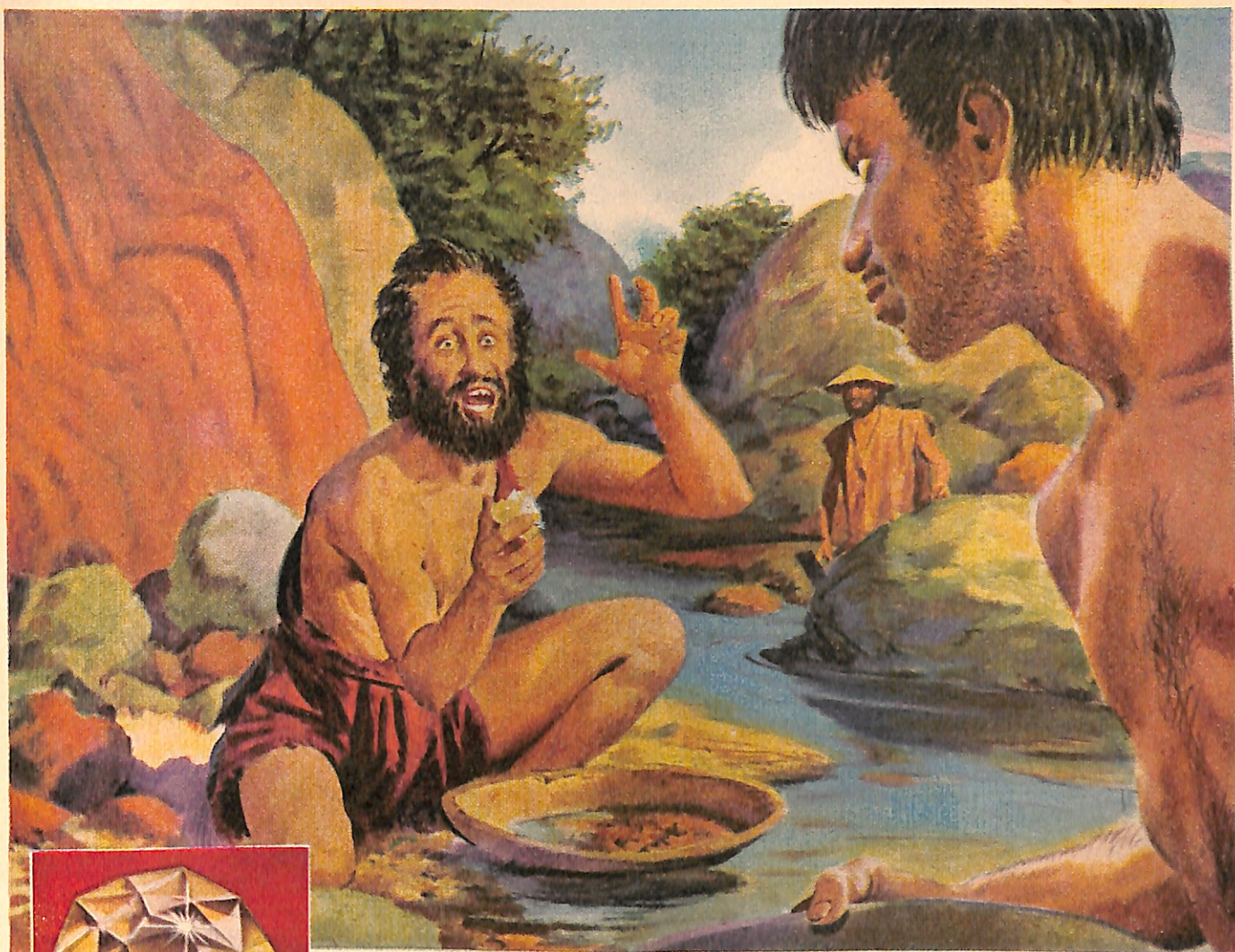
There were two steps between the Colonials and the Yankees. Weiss surmounted them in a series of easy leaps. The Eastern League, practically driven out of New Haven by the Colonials, asked Weiss to take charge of the franchise in 1919. The team was bankrupt, it didn't have a decent park and calling their players professionals would have given thousands of prideful athletes cause for instituting slander proceedings. At the end of the first year the rising young executive paid off all debts and the following year he built a new park in the center of town and won the pennant. He was getting on famously, but baseball was drifting toward the New England rocks and he welcomed the chance to shift to Baltimore in 1929 after winning three pennants.

At that time, though, it appeared that Weiss was advancing toward rapid obscurity. Although Baltimore had won seven straight pennants in the 1920's, the death of Jack Dunn left the franchise in a chaotic state. When Weiss took over in March, 1929, the team had no plans for Spring training and nobody was quite sure whether the Dunn estate intended to field a team. Three years later, when Weiss went to the Yankees, he had sold \$250,000 worth of players, had acquired others who were to bring another quarter-million, and the Orioles were solvent.

Weiss was hired for the specific purpose of supervising and expanding the Yankees' new farm system and the job he performed always will be the criterion by which other farmers are judged. With the possible exception of shooting craps on a blanket with an old



"Here's one marked 'Butterfield Zoo'. I wonder what it is".



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Convicted of numerous crimes and banished to the remote interior of Brazil, three outlaws wandered through the jungles for six years searching for gold. In the end, they found something far more valuable—a huge yellow diamond "as big as a goose egg"—which won them a royal pardon. Like this Braganza diamond, every bottle of

William Penn is a glorious "find" wherever and whenever you come across it. This fine whiskey is called the gem of the blends because it is a *shining* example of premium quality at a non-premium price.

SPEND WISELY—OR NOT AT ALL
Keep prices down by purchasing only what you need. Buy your share of war bonds.

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS

William Penn

BLENDED WHISKEY



86 proof, 65% fruit and grain neutral spirits

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Army sergeant, there is no worse gamble in America than minor-league baseball. Fans in small towns demand winners and it is obvious there can be only one top team in each league. Yet the Yankees showed a ten-year, over-all profit, until the war erupted, on Weiss' operations. At the peak, the Yankees owned five clubs outright—Newark, Kansas City, Binghamton, Norfolk and Easton, Md.—and had working agreements with nine other teams. The Yankee affiliates won, in the aggregate, 75 percent of the pennants in their leagues, developed future Yankee stars and sold other major-league teams a million and a half dollars worth of players the varsity could not use.

More important to Weiss than the money made or the players developed is the salutary effect farm systems exerted upon the minor leagues until the war distorted the entire situation. He sincerely believes the farm system saved the minors, without which the majors could not survive.

"The constant uncertainty and financial insecurity of the minors were eliminated only when big-league efficiency was introduced," he maintains. "People have been yelling for independent, home-town ownership of teams, but the blunt truth is that the minors always

were in bad shape, even during boom times, until the majors stepped in.

"The fellows who ever made any sort of money in the minors can be counted on one hand—Borchert in Milwaukee, Muehlebach in Kansas City, Dunn in Baltimore, Kelley in Minneapolis and Watkins in Memphis. A lot of guys, small-town hot shots and Chamber of Commerce boosters, were burned badly because of their unfamiliarity with the business. When that happened, they withdrew their support and the result was the constant folding of small leagues in July. Players were hung up for back salaries and a trail of unpaid bills was left behind that gave baseball a black eye generally.

"As a straight five percent business proposition, baseball in the minors is a bad investment and with taxes the way they are, you won't be finding many angels willing to back a team just for the sake of home-town pride. If the majors don't do it, nobody will."

The favorite argument of the anti-farm group is that chain-store baseball tends to destroy local interest by the constant grabbing of home-town stars for the parent varsity. As soon as a player shows special talent, he promptly is promoted to a higher league or snatched by the big-league team. Weak-

ening the small-town team periodically in this manner would appear to be a damaging indictment of the farm system, yet each link in the Yankee chain has become stronger, rather than weaker, during Weiss' regime.

Newark, the No. 1 Yankee farm, had not won a pennant since 1913 when the Yankees assumed control in 1932. Newark immediately won the pennant and added seven more in the next twelve years. In 1938 the Yankees moved into Kansas City, which had no winner since 1929. Kansas City promptly won three successive pennants. Binghamton was bankrupt in 1932. Weiss' staff took hold and brought back the soured fans a year later with the first of three straight winners. Norfolk had been defunct for two years, never had led the Piedmont League. The Yankees put money into the team in 1934 with the usual result. Norfolk won the pennant.

Everyone in baseball has a superstition, but none is as strange as Weiss'. Although he probably has seen the teams in which he has a rooting interest lose fewer ball games than any man in America, he never watches the ninth inning when his guys are leading. Says he leaves when he's ahead because he hates to lose. It's a system that seldom has caught him with his pennants down.

"Secret" Weapons?

(Continued from page 5)

mount, gird themselves for the fight, and then wade in—on foot. They were probably playing it safe because their vehicles were easily overturned, and the spilled drivers and horses became easy pickings for the infantrymen's spear attack.

Cyrus widened the chariot's axles and fitted them up with strong, heavy wheels which made overturning difficult. He built a turret of heavy timber around the driver's seat. The driver himself was armored from head to foot, as were the four horses now needed to pull this war engine. Murderous scythes were attached to the axles, one extending three feet out and another angled toward the ground. Thus no opponent could side-step or dodge under to avoid being cut down. The combined weight of the driver, chariot and horses must have easily equalled that of a modern light tank.

Cyrus assembled three hundred of these junior Juggernauts for the Battle of Thymbra (Circa 545 B. C.). At the charge signal they tore in. It was like a hay-mower running wild across the front lawn. Arms, legs, heads, torsos were strewn all over the battlefield like blades of grass. And if one surprise weapon wasn't enough for one day, Cyrus pulled another—his newly organized camel corps. The smell, size and unusual shape of these beasts threw the enemy's cavalry horses into a wild stampede and helped complete the carnage.

ting news that a German submarine had sunk the British cruiser *Pathfinder*. Several days later another enemy submarine bagged three British cruisers in one hour. All Britain was aghast. At this rate the proud British Navy would be at the bottom of the ocean by Christmas. Was the submarine a new weapon the Germans were springing on the British? No, not at all. The British Navy had submarines of its own, as did most of the other navies of the world. And they had had them for quite a while.

In the American Civil War, Confederate subs, crude hand-operated jobs, had sunk thirty-four Union ships by the time Lee surrendered in 1865. Submarines were not exactly new at that time either, for Robert Fulton and others had built successful submersibles in the early 1800's.

And in 1776, right at the start of the American Revolution, David Bushnell built an oaken undersea boat, with which he was going to sink British warships. Torpedoes had not yet been invented. Bushnell's plan, a very daring one as you will see, was to glide up to an enemy boat at night, submerge, attach a time bomb to its bottom, then make his escape.

For his bomb Bushnell used a 150-pound can of gunpowder, which was tied to an augur bit. The bit, protruding vertically from the top of the submarine, was so rigged up that it could be turned from inside the chamber and screwed to the bottom of the victim boat. A time fuse would touch off the explosion after the getaway had

been made. Everything had to move with hair-breadth precision or else. The "Turtle" could stay down for only half an hour before the air in its chamber was used up, and it could travel a bare mile per hour, powered as it was by a hand propeller.

Bushnell selected as his first victim the British gunboat, *Eagle*, which was anchored in New York harbor. Everything went off perfectly except for one slight detail. When the "Turtle" submerged and Bushnell's assistant started to bore, he made no headway because, he discovered, the *Eagle* had a copper-covered bottom. Frantically he surfaced the submarine, jettisoned the bomb, and whirled away at the hand propeller for dear life. When the bomb exploded it almost caused a tidal wave in the harbor. It most certainly would have sent the *Eagle* soaring.

The very first underwater attack was made in 332 B. C. when Alexander the Great was besieging the island city of Tyre. Tyrean soldiers, clad in diving suits, swam under water to the sides of Alexander's ships and chopped holes in them. Air was supplied to these human submarines through tubes whose ends protruded above the surface of the water. There is no record of how many ships the Tyreans were able to sink. But we do know that Alexander had a hard time of it before he finally captured the city. And it is quite likely that this first submarine attack added to his difficulties.

WE HAVEN'T heard much about poison gas in the current conflict

NEWSPAPER headlines of September 5, 1914, screamed out the star-



The chipped teacup of the PATRIOTIC Mrs. Jones

No matter who the guest—Mrs. Jones brings out her chipped teacup with no embarrassment. On the contrary, with a thrill of pride.

Not very pretty, that chip. But it bears witness to the fact that Mrs. Jones has her nation's welfare at heart.

Mrs. Jones has given up all unnecessary spending for the duration. By doing *without*—she is helping to fight inflation.

Maybe she doesn't know all the complicated theories about inflation. But she does know that her government has asked her *not to spend*.

So Mrs. Jones is making all the old things do . . . not only that teacup. She's wearing her clothes for another year—and another. She's not competing with her neighbors for merchandise of any sort.

And the dollars she's not spending now are safely put away (and earning interest) for the peacetime years ahead. *Then* those dollars will buy things that can't be had for any price today.

If we all are like Mrs. Jones, there will be no inflation with skyrocket prices. If

we all are like her, dangerous Black Markets cannot exist.

A chipped teacup stands for all that . . . for a *sound, secure* U. S. A.

7 RULES FOR PATRIOTIC AMERICANS TO REMEMBER EVERY DAY

1. Buy only what you *absolutely need*. Make the article you have last longer by proper care. Avoid waste.
2. Pay no more than ceiling prices. Buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps. (Rationing and ceiling prices are for *your protection*.)
3. Pay willingly any taxes that your country needs. (They are the cheapest way of paying for the war.)
4. Pay off your old debts—avoid making new ones.
5. Don't ask more money for the goods you sell or for the work you do. Higher prices come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours*.
6. Establish and maintain a savings account; maintain adequate life insurance.
7. Buy all the War Bonds you can—and hold 'em!

**HELP
US
KEEP**

PRICES DOWN

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . . Make it do . . . Or do without

but it was another of the great secret weapons of the first World War. When the Germans sprang their first attack of this type on a dazed Allied line in April, 1915, the whole world was horrified—and surprised. But it shouldn't have been, because the thing had been done before—2343 years before, to be exact. A sulphur gas attack was made by the Spartans against the besieged city of Platea in 428 B. C. Stinkpots were a favorite weapon of the ancient Chinese. And all during the Middle Ages, when the art and science of siegecraft was at its zenith, besiegers and besieged tossed stink bombs and other noxious devices back and forth at each other.

An especially ingenious poison gas attack occurred in 1422 at the siege of the town of Carolstein in central Europe. The attacking general, one Coribut, was not making much progress with his regular weapons. One night a fiendish thought assailed him. He ordered the putrescing bodies of his casualties to be inserted in his catapults and hurled over the town's walls. He followed up with a barrage of two thousand wagonloads of manure. (There doesn't seem to be any explanation as to why he had that much manure around.) Coribut's brilliant stratagem did not win him the town, but hundreds of its inhabitants succumbed to this neat combination of poisonous fumes and bacteria.

Nearly every city in this war area is horribly familiar with air raids. Some, notably London, became well acquainted with them early in the first World War. But to Venice, ninety-five years ago, went the questionable distinction of being the first city in history to be attacked from the air by "robot" bombs.

It was during the Austrian siege of 1849. The besiegers could not bring their artillery up to within effective range of the city. And so an imaginative artillery officer named Uchatius suggested that flying artillery—balloons with bombs attached—be sent over Venice. Superior officers mumbled but Uchatius was finally given grudging consent to try his plan.

After some experimentation with wind direction and speed, he devised a balloon made of writing paper which would stay aloft long enough to reach the center of the city. Under normal conditions that would take thirty-three minutes. A time fuse was set to explode the bomb on the thirty-third minute.

Uchatius made up a supply of these "bombers" and started sending them over the city. The heaviest bomb they could carry weighed only thirty-three pounds but the effect on the Venetians was terrifying. This diabolical weapon was going to destroy Venice and kill every one of its inhabitants. Actually the bombs were too small to do much serious damage but they did demoralize the city. If a balloon arrived too soon, the jittery Venetians had a delayed action bomb to worry about, which was more paralyzing than an exploded one. Balloons arriving late exploded their bombs in mid-air, raining nasty fragments down on the distraught inhabitants.

DAY after day the "bombers" kept coming over until the city was just about ready to surrender. Then suddenly one day the bombings ceased. Those mumbling superior officers, jealous of Uchatius' success, had unbelievably ordered the attacks discontinued.

P.S. The Austrians did not take Venice.

Tender-hearted Americans, probably charter members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Axis, recently registered a serious complaint with Secretary of War Stimson. Our South Pacific forces were using flame-throwers against the Japs. It was cruel, inhuman, fiendish.

But it was only an Axis weapon coming home to roast. The Germans had used the flame-thrower with telling effect in France, Poland and the Low Countries in 1939-40. And in 1915, when they first brought it out as a secret weapon, they captured, in one small sector, nearly two thousand Allied soldiers who evidently did not relish the

idea of being transformed into roast beef.

These soldiers may have heard, although it is doubtful, about the several thousand Moslems who ran into jets of liquid flame at the great siege of Constantinople in 673 A.D. The liquid flame was "Greek fire", a highly incendiary mixture invented by a Syrian engineer named Callinicus.

The Emperor Constantine was having trouble holding off the fanatical Moslems until Callinicus enlisted his invention in the defense of the city. Its ingredients are still a secret in 1944 because the formula was never committed to paper. Chemists today believe it may have been composed of sulphur, naphtha and quicklime. Whatever it was, it must have been hot stuff. For when the Moslems attempted an amphibious assault on the city, Constantine's defenders met them with flame on land and sea. Huge siphons hurled it at the enemy's landing craft, water engine hoses squirted it in the faces of the infantry, and huge pots of the stuff came pouring down on the besiegers' war machines. The Moslems' ships, men and equipment were so badly burned that the siege was broken. The flame-throwing Callinicus had saved the city.

But even in 673 A.D. the flame-thrower was an ancient weapon. It had been tried as far back as 424 B. C., when the Athenians were besieging the nearby town of Delium. The attackers used hollowed-out logs to blow flame at the town's wooden walls. But it must be reported that this debut of the flame-thrower was a flop, for the Athenians did not capture the town.

The secret weapon has had its ups and downs, its share of successes and failures. It has won many battles but few wars. Yet through the centuries war-makers have striven to bring out surprise weapons with the eternal hope of suddenly and completely overwhelming the enemy. And they have nearly always reached into history for their ideas.

Even David's slingshot was old stuff in its day.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 14)

activities in the war effort. The program carried out by the State War Commission under its Chairman, J. Clyde Travis, of Omaha Lodge, including sales of War Bonds, recruitment of Wacs, Waves, engineers, etc., was highly successful. As a result of the Bond sales, ten bombers are being named for Nebraska cities and for Manila and Guam. The Benevolence Commission (Crippled Children Committee) of which August Schneider, P.E.R. of York Lodge, is Chairman, reported State-wide activities and the purchase of additional equipment for the Joseph G. Buch treatment room at Omaha.

The full complement of officers for the ensuing year is as follows: Pres., T. J. Connelly, Lincoln; 1st Vice-Pres., M. J. Graham, Kearney; 2nd Vice-Pres., M. E. Wilson, Omaha; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. J.

Hampton, Chadron; 4th Vice-Pres., Glenn F. Waugh, Fairbury; Secy., H. P. Zieg, Grand Island; Treas., F. C. Laird, Fremont; Trustees: J. M. Fitzgerald, Omaha, F. R. Dickson, Kearney, W. J. Brenne-man, Hastings; Tiler, Nick Tritz, Chadron; Sergeant-at-Arms, Rex Coffee, Chadron; Chaplain, the Rev. F. J. Tschida, Kearney. Officers of the Past Exalted Rulers Association are Chairman, Dr. G. M. Byrne, Lincoln, and Secretary, Emil Hahn, Fremont. The members of the Benevolence Commission are August Schneider, York, Chairman, Gould Dietz, Omaha, W. J. Hampton, Chadron, C. E. McCaffrey, Hastings, A. C. Bintz, Lincoln, George E. Stevens, Scottsbluff, Howard W. Loomis, Fremont, Edward F. Petersen, McCook, and E. C. Mudge, Beatrice.

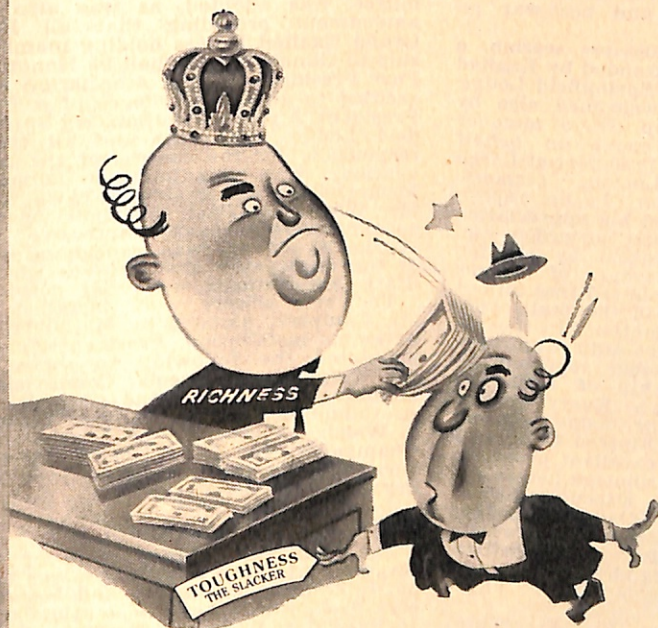
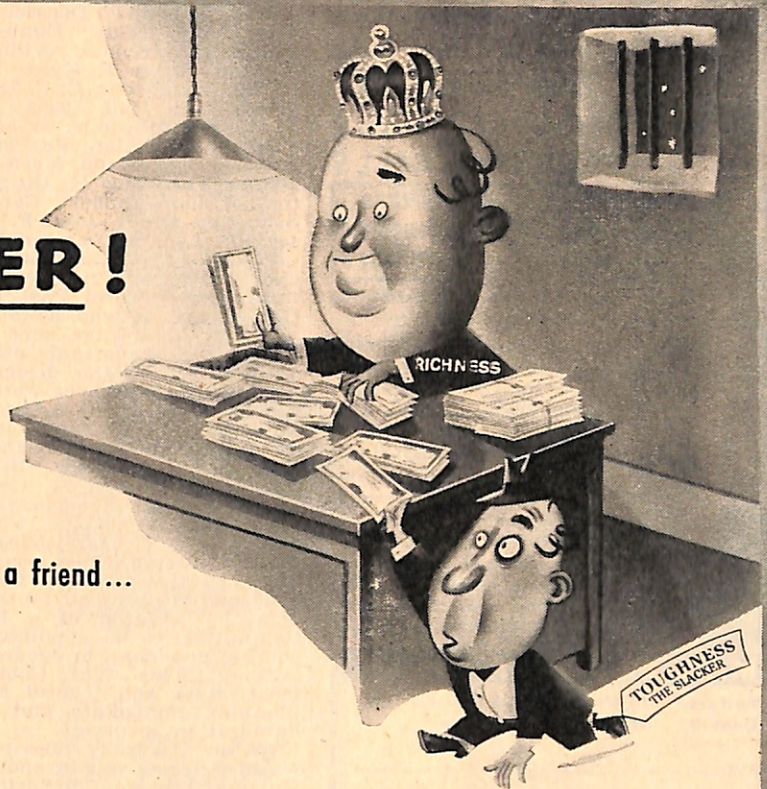
ILLINOIS

The 41st annual meeting of the Illinois State Elks Association was held in Springfield on Saturday and Sunday, May 13-14. Representatives of 57 Illinois lodges attended. Although the convention was streamlined for business and the sessions were taken up mainly by discussions of serious problems, the delegates found time to enjoy the hospitality of the host lodge, Springfield No. 158, whose magnificent home was the scene of all of the activities.

Albert W. Arnold, of Lincoln Lodge, Secretary of the Association for the past eight years and editor of the *News-ette*, the Association's official news bulletin, was elected President. The other State officers elected are as follows:

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... blends extra
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Kendall, Sycamore, William S. Wolf,
Pontiac, James F. Kyle, Peoria, Ward
E. Dillavou, Paris, C. C. Dreman, Belle-
ville, T. H. Hall, Carmi; Secy., S. A.
Thompson, Macomb; Treas., (reelected)
Fred P. Hill, Danville; Trustees: Sam
Kantor, Blue Island, Merton M. Memler,
Dixon, Thaddeus P. Beggs, Blooming-
ton, William Duffield, Canton, John T.
Schneider, Olney, John F. Gibbons, Jer-
seyville, Leon E. Denison, Cairo.

Many of the delegates and State offi-
cials arrived on Friday evening. Among
those were several Past Presidents of
the Association who, as members of the
Advisory Committee, met that evening
to discuss important matters to be
brought before the delegates. Taking
part in the conference were Past Grand
Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East
St. Louis Lodge, Walter J. Grant, Danville,
Sam Ryerson, Rock Island, Albert W.
Jeffreys, Herrin, Dr. Bryan Caffery,
Jerseyville, Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey,
Daniel T. Cloud, Jacksonville, and Dr. C.
E. Duff, Lawrenceville. President H. J.
Raley, E.R. of Harrisburg Lodge, pre-
sided. Among the recommendations
made by the Advisory Committee and
subsequently adopted by the convention
was the creation of a Rehabilitation
Committee, to be appointed by the in-
coming president, to cooperate with the
national Elks War Commission and
local, state and federal authorities in
planning immediate and post-war re-
habilitation projects.

At the Saturday business session, a
warm welcome was extended by Exalted
Ruler J. J. Slaven, of Springfield Lodge.
The delegates were welcomed also by
Mayor John W. Kapp, Jr., a member
of the lodge, who spoke on behalf
of the city. Vice-President-at-Large
Edwin C. Mills, Lincoln, respond-
ed for the Association. In his report,
President Raley voiced his appreciation
of the splendid support accorded him
during his administration by his fel-
low officers and the lodges of Illinois.
Secretary Arnold announced that all but
two of the 82 lodges in the State were
members of the Association. In the ab-
sence of State Membership Chairman
I. G. Riley, Mr. Arnold reported an
increase in membership of 4,293, the
largest in many years. Every district
and practically every lodge showed
splendid gains. The Crippled Children's
Commission reported excellent progress,
with several new contributing lodges en-
rolled during the year. Executive Secre-
tary Frank P. White, of Oak Park Lodge,
reported for the Commission, of which
Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell is
Chairman and Past Grand Exalted Ruler
Henry C. Warner, Dixon, is First Vice-
Chairman.

The banquet, held at the lodge home
on Saturday evening, drew a capacity
crowd. Attorney James J. Graham,
P.E.R. of Springfield Lodge, who acted
as Toastmaster, introduced those at the
speakers' table. The principal speaker
was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Camp-
bell, whose address was enthusiastically
applauded as he unfolded the story of
the participation of the Order in the war
effort. He told of the praise earned by
the Order through its efforts during
World War I when by its liberal con-
tributions, the Salvation Army was en-
abled to carry on its work among our
fighting men, and then told of its work
during the present conflict, including
assistance in recruiting for both the
War and Navy departments, and the
maintenance of the 118 Elks Fraternal
Centers, in locations adjacent to camps
or embarkation ports, that are visited
by more than 250,000 soldiers, sailors
and marines every month. He men-
tioned, also, the slipper campaigns be-
ing conducted by the lodges of the Order
to provide ill or wounded service men
with comfortable slippers for use dur-
ing convalescence. Calling attention to
an increase of 75,000 members during

the past year, Mr. Campbell predicted
that the years immediately following
the end of the war would bring the
greatest increase in the Order's history,
and strongly urged immediate action
in starting a rehabilitation program for
members in the Services upon their
return to civilian life. Past Grand
Exalted Ruler Warner spoke briefly but
forcefully with respect to the activi-
ties of the Elks War Commission of
which he is Assistant Treasurer. Fol-
lowing the banquet, the Crippled
Children's Commission met for a brief
session, after which all were free to
enjoy the social program provided by
the host lodge, which included a dance,
a floor show and the serving of re-
freshments. President Raley gave the
Eleven O'Clock Toast.

The ritualistic contest, held at nine
on Sunday morning, was won by Syc-
amore Lodge No. 1392. Danville Lodge
No. 332 was second and Evanston Lodge
No. 1316 was third. The contest was
conducted by Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey,
Chairman of the State Ritualistic Com-
mittee. Among the out-of-state judges
were C. L. Shideler, Terre Haute, Secy.
of the Ind. State Elks Assn., and D.D.
John A. MacLennan, of Gary, Ind.,
Lodge.

A large crowd attended the Sunday
morning session at which time held over
reports were given and other impor-
tant matters discussed. An amendment
to the constitution, reestablishing a
Social and Community Welfare Com-
mittee, was adopted, as was also an
amendment providing that all Past
Grand Exalted Rulers holding mem-
bership in Illinois lodges shall be Honorary
Past Presidents of the Association and
entitled to all the privileges of a Past
President. A resolution thanking Spring-
field Lodge, the press and all those
responsible for the success of the con-
vention, was unanimously adopted.
Memorial Services at eleven o'clock, with
Mr. Warner, a Past President, as the
speaker, were unusually impressive. Mr.
Warner's address was considered one
of the finest ever given at one of the
State Association's memorial services.

The new officers were installed by
Mr. Campbell, assisted by Mr. Jeffreys.
After his installation, President Arnold
appointed the following to serve on
the Crippled Children's Commission:
Members-at-large, for one year, Bruce
A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Thomas
J. Welch, Kewanee, A. E. Wuesteman,
Champaign, Dr. H. J. Raley, Harris-
burg, and, for the seven-year term, Dr.
Bryan Caffery, Jerseyville.

KANSAS

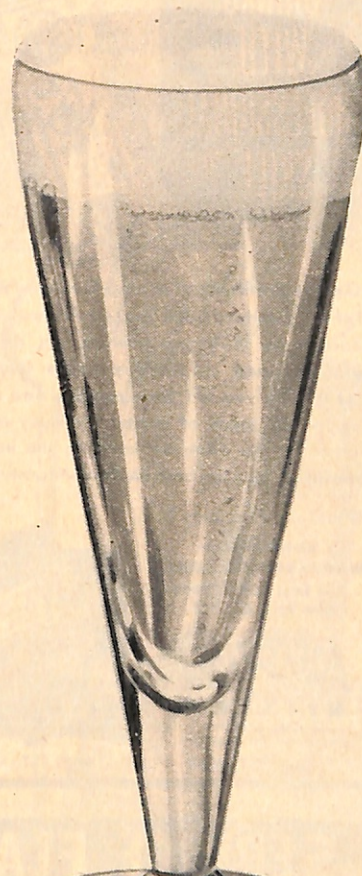
The 39th annual convention of the
Kansas State Elks Association was held
at Hutchinson on Sunday and Monday,
May 21-22, with an excellent attendance
of delegates from all sections of the
State. The opening ceremonies on Sun-
day morning at ten o'clock were fol-
lowed by the annual Memorial Services at
eleven. The memorial address was deliv-
ered by Max Wyman, of Hutchinson
Lodge No. 453, and a beautiful and touch-
ing tribute was paid the late Past Grand
Esteemed Lecturing Knight Stanley J.
Shook by P.E.R. Walter Reed Gage, of
Manhattan, Kans., Lodge. Mr. Shook, a
Past Exalted Ruler of Topeka, Kans.,
Lodge, was a member of the Lodge Ac-
tivities Committee of the Grand Lodge
at the time of his death.

The ritualistic contest, which took
place on Sunday afternoon, was won by
Great Bend Lodge No. 1127. Past Grand
Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, an
honored guest at the convention, deliv-
ered a forceful, patriotic address at the
Monday morning session. A resolution
was adopted opposing any plan or effort
to colonize the State of Kansas by Japa-
nese, until after the end of hostilities of
World War II and until such time there-
after as the problem of rehabilitation of
men and women of Kansas who are now
serving in the U.S. Armed Forces has

(Continued on page 41)

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CONSERVE PAPER

Red AND Gun



The story of a secret, enchanted pond where two-pound eastern brook trout are merely average fish.

By Ray Trullinger

THIS month's bid for literary immortality will detail a recent trout fishing jaunt, but the scene of this pleasant and highly successful bit of angling endeavor must remain a profound secret. And the reason is that your correspondent prefers to live to a ripe old age. To disclose it would bring sudden and merciless extinction at the hands of outraged parties who have a good thing and know it.

So we'll merely identify the place as Little Lost Lake, and let it go at that. For you see it's almost an impossibility to catch eastern brook trout scaling under two pounds from that enchanted pond, which, as most trouters will agree, is a right tasty dish. And it might be added that two-pounders are merely average fish. We caught several which

name of "Ike". Deploing his low rank in such distinguished company, we immediately promoted him to full chicken colonel, and later to brigadier immediately after he capsized a canoe at a crucial moment. Ike fished with a raffish character named Bob, who caught the trip's biggest fish, produced stray bottles of Scotch at unexpected moments and revealed himself one of the finest tractor jockeys imaginable. It might be reported at this time that the trip in necessitated a tractor, among other conveyances, which included about everything but a dogsled.

The third member of this backwoods caravan was a gent named "Desperate" Desmond, head guide, and the fourth and fifth your correspondent and his fishin' and shootin' partner, a distinguished physician, who thinks writers are nuts and probably is right.

Incidentally, from past experience we've learned that a graduate M.D. is a wonderful person to have along on an outdoors trip. If your correspondent isn't stepping on rusty nails around camp in his bare feet, he's forever getting hooks caught in curious—and usually unreachable—parts of his anatomy. In such cases a doctor comes in handy.

Things began auspiciously on the way in to Little Lost Lake. While running through a connecting waterway between two lakes we took time out to troll for lake trout. The doctor, it developed, had never caught a laker and was afire with that ambition.

"I will use this splendid lure," he announced, removing a fearsome looking contraption from his kit. "It always catches fish!"

Several pairs of incredulous eyes fastened on a huge brass wobbler, the center of which was decorated with two big red glass beads only slightly smaller than a traffic stop



weighed three pounds on the camp scales and a couple of four-pounders turned up before our five-man safari left that jewel of a trout lake.

Our little party was made up of a temporary fugitive from the Army, a lieutenant who answered to the

light. "My beautiful ruby-eyed wobbler!" exclaimed the Doc, holding the hook-festooned gadget aloft. "The old fish-getter!"

"Looks like one of them things they use when they're grappling for bodies," remarked Desperate, "except I never saw a grappling hook with red lights before."

"No, no, Doctor!" We chimed in, horrified. "Please do not use that thing. You will frighten every trout for miles around; besides, I doubt the outboard is powerful enough to tow such a monstrosity. Here, let me rig you up something less. . . ."

"I will fish my lovely ruby-eyed wobbler," interrupted the determined medic, "which has never let me down. And I will trouble you vulgarians not to make any more stuffy cracks about it." And with that the doctor's frightful lure plunked astern and in practically nothing flat two husky lakers were flopping in the boat.

"You see?" chortled the delighted M.D. "Sometimes you don't even know your own strength. And sometimes," he added, as an afterthought, "alleged fishing experts don't know what they're talking about!"

There was no comeback for that one. After all, nothing succeeds like success. We have since purchased a full array of ruby-eyed wobblers.

A final three-mile hike through a winding, woodsy trail brought us to the lake, a mile-long jewel shimmering in the late morning sun and surrounded by quiet, unspoiled woods.

"That pond hasn't been fished since last summer," Bob remarked, unlocking the padlocked cabin door. "Pretty, isn't it?"

Oh, man! was it!

"Soon as we get things organized around camp we'll all go fishin'," he continued. "First, we'll have to carry out some of these," indicating several neatly ranked canoes in the cabin, "and get our duffle stowed."

"You guys got about an hour to catch enough fish for lunch," Desperate announced from the nearby cook shack. "Better get goin'. And try to get some decent, pan-sized fish. Don't bring in any of them big busters. They don't fry up so good."

The colonel and Bob were already on their way and trolling two lines by the time your correspondent and the doctor shoved off. We both elected to fish a Green Ghost streamer fly, as a starter, although the doctor was certain he'd do better with his ruby-eyed wobbler.

"You will not fish that horrible thing in this lake except over my bleeding and battered body. This pond harbors no great northern pike, muskies or lakers. This is a 100 per cent brook trout lake and we must fish for them like sportsmen. No gang hooks, please. Or spinning tin pie plates."

The doctor got the first strike and the first trout, a beautiful two-pounder. The fish was too pretty to kill so we put it back. And also the next one, which took a fancy to the small pearl wobbler we'd substituted for the streamer.

That one scaled about two pounds, too.

"I hope," remarked the doctor, "that Bob and the colonel aren't crazy, like the two of us. I'm hungry as a goat and if they're putting their trout back we'll have to eat canned salmon or hash. Personally, I'd rather eat trout."

Fortunately, the occupants of the other canoe were getting excellent results and when Desperate whooped from across the lake to "come and get it," they had three trout ready for a quick fry. The three fish weighed exactly seven and a quarter pounds.

"I thought," protested Desperate, "I told you guys not to bring in any big trout."

"We didn't," replied the colonel. "We put the big ones back, and saved those three little fellows."

"I think we're going to enjoy an interesting three days, piscatorially speaking," the doctor commented, dryly.

And so we did. Curiously enough, the trout in Little Lost Lake weren't interested in small flies of conventional pattern. You could fish from dawn to dark with a Coachman, Cahill or any other small artificial and never raise a fish. Almost every afternoon a heavy hatch of drakes was in evidence but the fish paid them no heed. They weren't fly eaters—they wanted minnows or something that looked like a minnow. Big streamer flies would catch fish, and so would a spinner and worm combination. Small to medium sized wobbling spoons of the Dardevle type were highly effective, too, but a three-inch live chub, trolled slowly on a nine-foot leader and flyrod gear, really produced results. And what trout! Your correspondent hooked and lost two fish that first day which unquestionably nudged five-pound weight. The comparatively light leaders we were using just wouldn't take those sudden, vicious strikes.

Another interesting thing was the fact that Little Lost Lake's big trout weren't those usual chunky, close-coupled squaretails so familiar to northeastern trouters, but rangy, beautifully streamlined fish—wild, gorgeously colored and game to the core. They somehow were reminiscent of mountain rainbows.

It wasn't difficult to understand why this wilderness pond harbored such unusual squaretails. The answer was the abundant, year-around minnow supply. Without those small bait fish, the pond's trout would have been dependent on seasonal insects and probably would never have grown beyond 10-inch length.

It was pleasant sitting on the cabin porch that evening after the others had rolled in for the night. The surrounding woods, almost dead silent during the day except for the hammering of woodpeckers, were alive with sound. From back of the cabin came the metallic tinkle of tin cans, indicating a foraging skunk or porcupine. From the lower end of the pond a love-sick loon vocalized, a weird, lonesome cry but one of nature's grandest sounds. Loons, incidentally, make three different calls at

IF YOU'VE
TRIED IT,
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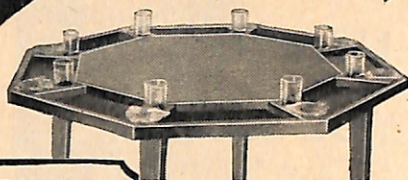
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night. The first is of course familiar to every north woods' traveler or camper. The second sounds like the start of a donkey's bray and ends up like the screaming of excited seagulls. The third is a sort of plaintive, wavery trill.

When the evening loon chorus subsided the owls made the woods echo with their hoots and family bickerings. Somewhere in the distance a fox yapped and from nearby an explosive whoosh! sounded. A bear, attracted by the odor of frying bacon, or a deer, bent on raiding the camp rhubarb patch? Tell-tale tracks would answer that question in the morning.

Suddenly we awakened with a quick start and realized we'd fallen asleep in the comfortable porch chair. It was late and the night air was chilly. A ghostly mist half obscured the calm lake which promised so much on the morrow and the big woods, at long last, were quiet. It had been a glorious day, and another was scheduled, come sunup.

The second and third day in camp duplicated the first, except we tapered off a bit in our fishing. There was no reason to work hard at that. An hour's paddle in the morning after breakfast would turn up more trout than the camp could consume, so we just caught fish and let 'em go again, morning and evening, and spent the rest of the day loafing around camp. About the only fishing lull we tabbed was during midday, when the sun blazed down from overhead, but even then fish could be picked up. Little Lost Lake's trout apparently had never heard about the solunar theory.

Bob came up with the biggest fish, a four-pound, two-ouncer, the evening be-

fore we broke camp. This fish was taken in midlake on a wobbler in the vicinity of a submerged rock bar. The water was so shallow over this bar that it was possible to get out of the canoe, stand on these underwater rocks and whip long casts over deep holes on all sides. In his haste to net this big one for Bob, the colonel upset his canoe for the fourth time and set a new camp record. That wetting earned him the previously mentioned promotion to brigadier.

All hands fished for two hours the morning we broke camp and limits were taken by everyone as easily as breaking sticks. The smallest fish caught scaled slightly over one pound and the rest weighed between one and three-quarters and four pounds. Desperate toted that catch out to the big lake, where we'd left our kicker-powered boat, and was well lathered by the weight of those fish when he reached the end of the three-mile carry.

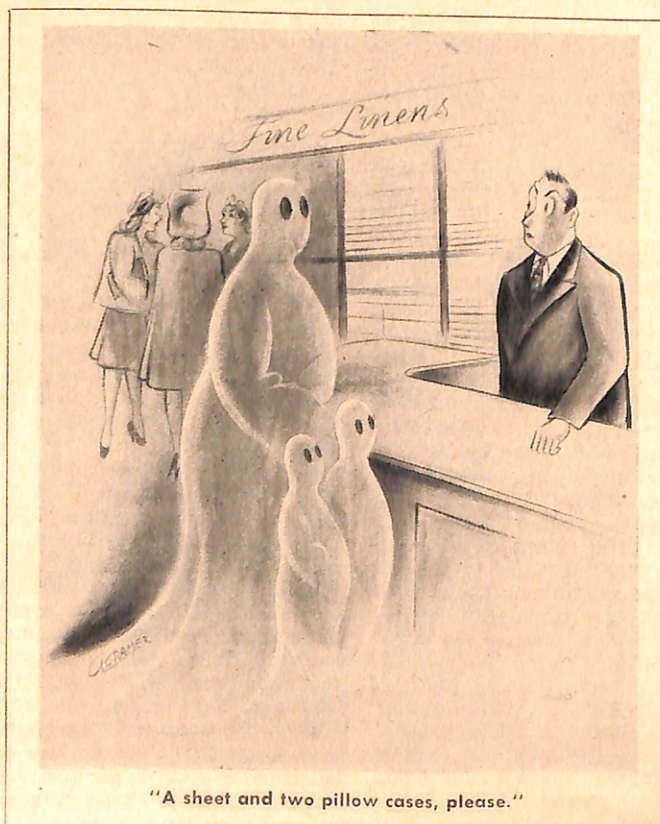
"I have only one complaint to register about the trout fishing at Little Lost Lake," the doctor piped up, as we loaded our duffle into the boat.

"Whazzat?" questioned Desperate, mopping his sweaty face.

"I am annoyed," the doctor replied, "because objection was made to the use of my lovely, ruby-eyed wobbler, which never has let me down."

"Nuts!" we answered him. "You can use that grappling iron in the waterway for lakers when we go through, although what we'll do with more trout has me puzzled. I vote we broach the last bottle of Scotch, drink a toast to Little Lost Lake and skip all fishing until the next trip."

No one said no, so we did.



"A sheet and two pillow cases, please."

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

been completed satisfactorily. Also adopted was a resolution recommending that all lodges of the Order in Kansas actively support organizations within their jurisdiction that are recognized by the United States Government as qualified to assist discharged veterans in becoming gainfully employed and honorably instituted in civilian life.

The following officers were elected and installed: Pres., Clyde E. Sterling, Great Bend; 1st Vice-Pres., W. C. Hunsinger, Lawrence; 2nd Vice-Pres., W. E. Soldner, Salina; 3rd Vice-Pres., Fred Puttroff, Newton; Secy., H. Glenn Boyd, Wichita; Treas., Clay E. Hedrick, Newton; Trustees: W. F. Rennaker, Hutchinson, A. J. Darling, El Dorado, and Louis McCoy, Manhattan. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner acted as the installing officer. El Dorado was selected as the convention city for 1945.

Hutchinson Lodge No. 453 and the citizens of Hutchinson were most generous in their entertainment.

TEXAS

Houston Lodge No. 151 was host to more than 600 Elks during the Victory Convention held by the Texas State Elks Association in Houston on May 7-8-9. The lodge came in for a great deal of praise for the warmth of its hospitality and the perfection of its arrangements.

The convention was one of the best ever held by reason of its accomplishments. Outstanding was the raising of \$10,000 for the Crippled Children's Institute, bringing the total amount of contributions so far to \$50,961.47. While construction of the first unit, at an estimated cost of \$65,000, is of immediate concern, the success of the entire project, with so good a beginning, seems assured. As reported later by W. S. Traill, of the Houston Advisory Committee, nearly \$1,000 was raised at the Wishing Well and the booth set up in the lobby of the lodge home. A baseball, autographed by members of the St. Louis Cardinals and sent by Harry Gumbert, a star pitcher of the Cardinals and a member of Houston Lodge, brought in \$2,835 when auctioned off by another member, C. L. Rice. San Antonio Lodge No. 216, with the highest bid, \$1,000, took the ball home. The bid was a progressive one. Houston Lodge, whose bid was \$750, had contributed \$12,000 to the Crippled Children's Institute before the convention.

Prize money won by Amarillo Lodge No. 923 and Houston Lodge No. 151 in the ritualistic contest, which was won by Tri-Cities (Goose Creek) Lodge No. 1649, was donated to the Institute. Reports on the project were made by P.E.R. Walter G. Jones, Houston, Secy.-Treas. of the Children's Home, and C. B. McConnell, Wichita Falls, a Trustee. Past State President George W. Loudermilk, Dallas, Acting Chairman of the Foundation, described plans to utilize the waters of Warm Springs on a 40-acre site near Gonzales for the treatment of paralyzing diseases of children, and expressed his belief that priorities for building, etc., could be obtained in the not too distant future. Other contributions included \$2,000 from D.D. J. A. Bergfeld and \$1,500 from his lodge, Tyler No. 215. Marshall Lodge No. 683 and Brownsville Lodge No. 1032 donated \$2,580.50 and \$500 respectively.

Impressive Memorial Services were held under the direction of State Secretary H. S. Rubenstein. Past Grand Chaplain the Rev. J. B. Dobbins delivered the memorial address, and music was furnished by the Fogle-West singers of Houston. Dr. E. L. Valenta,

(Continued on page 43)



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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 28)

sociation with men has done much to influence his doggy way of thinking and behaving. So let's back-track a while on the trail of both.

One thing we are told in no uncertain way is that Fido was Homo Sapiens' first domestic animal. Perhaps the light of the family or clan fire first attracted him. Without doubt he was no more wild and savage than were those early human beings. Surely he was less destructive because he could not use clubs or stones or spears to make his kill at a safe distance. It seems reasonable to suppose that other animals were likewise attracted but of those only the dog remained and became a part of the human household. Perhaps there was a spark in that dull cave-man mind that made him aware of the dog's usefulness in hunting. Perhaps too when that was fully appreciated the dog was awarded with a part of the kill he helped to make. But you can bet it took a long time before Fido's relationship to men ceased to be purely a matter of sustenance and became a matter of sentiment for both. Yes, a long time, because in those days life was no picnic for either. Among the details of Homo Sap's existence we learn that his days were spaced between feasts and famines.

Still further in our studies we find that it took Homo Sap a long time plodding through the Ages to settle down and domesticate other animals, these for herding purposes. But he did finally learn that it was more convenient to keep his pot-roasts on the hoof where he could get at them without chasing all over the landscape. Here again, his friend, the dog declared himself in and became assistant herder—a job which he still does very satisfactorily in certain parts of God's Footstool. And he's the only animal among all others to be employed this way.

At a later time when men settled down to tilling the soil the pooch went along to take on the added duty of guardian of the fields. Farming, by creating surplus food, created markets which in turn created cities. Now we're getting somewhere! Cities created history which men began to carve on monuments, tombs and public buildings. Here we get our earliest pictures of dogs, some of which are strangely like some few of the breeds we know today. On the walls of some of the buildings in the Valley of the Nile those people of ancient Egypt have left us pictures and carvings of dogs that look very much like the Afghan hounds and Salukis of our time.

As I've said before, there is no doubt that this age-old association of men with dogs has done much to develop the dog's intelligence. Certainly there is no other man-and-animal bond nearly as strong. In the dog we see the nearest approach to communication between man and animal. The nearest between animal and animal.

True that in all the years, dogs, while having the necessary vocal equipment, have never learned to talk—a decided break for human beings, I assure you. (I'd hate to hear what some dogs might think of me.) The reason here is that they've never learned to modulate the sounds they make into speech. But don't think for a moment that dogs do not communicate, not only with each other—and I could relate a score of such instances did space permit—but they can convey much of what they feel to their masters. Anyone who closely observes his or her purp can detect this. By voice alone, the dog can and does let us know if it is angry, in fear, in pain, sorrowful or happy. Inflection does it. Then, too, if it isn't one of those poor galoots whose tail has been cropped to practically nothing he can let his master know when he (the dog) is happy. How that tail will wag. Then if he's scared, down goes his rudder between his legs and if he's ready to go to war, that same tail will stiffen while his body assumes a rigid, up-on-his-toes attitude. What other animal can do these things with its tail? Those of the cat family? Well, yes, when they're ready to pounce or start a scrap, but that's all.

Few if any other animals possess as many or to such a degree the human attributes of memory, affection, identification, jealousy, possessiveness, imagination, humiliation and curiosity. Certainly no other animal is capable of more enduring loyalty.

No other animal is more gregarious, more sociable with its own kind and of none is this nearly as true when it comes to their relation to human beings.

One need only visit a dog show where an official obedience test is given the dogs to see just how smart some purps can be; how their intelligence can be developed.

Would anyone say that it was mere instinct that caused a dog that had been trained to lead the blind, to learn also to deliberately disobey its master's command? That's what every successful "Seeing Eye" dog learns, has to learn. Simple enough, perhaps, to teach a smart dog to lead a person who is sightless but does mere instinct, routine drilling enable that dog to KNOW that if its master is walking toward an open cellar or excavation, it must disobey the command to "go forward"? Such dogs, obedient in all other respects, will invariably disobey and lead that person to one side to avoid the opening.

Now in all this don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to picture the dog as being a mental giant. He isn't. Nor does he or should he be expected to behave or think like a human being. After all, he is an animal. But where he does score over human beings is in his senses of hearing and scenting and that I'm convinced explains the so-called sixth sense that some people wrongly believe is possessed by dogs.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 41)

P.E.R. of Houston Lodge, was Convention Chairman. The delegates and other visiting Elks were given an official welcome by Mayor pro tem Joel Berry. Addresses were made on the opening day by Exalted Ruler H. R. Grobe, of Houston Lodge, State President George Strauss, Corpus Christi, and Past President C. E. Smeltz, San Antonio. Mr. Smeltz also officiated in the installation of officers on the final day of the convention. San Antonio Lodge No. 216 was chosen as host lodge for next year's

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

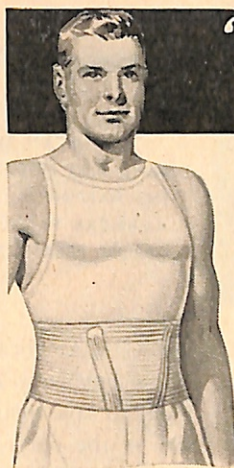
convention. The complete slate of officers for 1944-45 is as follows: Honorary President, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, Dallas; Pres., Harry A. Nass, San Antonio; Vice-Pres.: Earl Eeds, Plainview; J. M. Haddad, Tyler; Floyd B. Ford, Dallas; C. Q. Alexander, Tri-Cities; Robin M. Pate, Brownsville; Secy., H. S. Rubenstein, Brenham; Treas., T. A. Low, Sr., Brenham; Trustees: Raymond L. Wright, Houston, 1 year; J. J. Duggan, Port Arthur, 2 years; Roy H. Voges, Seguin, 3 years; J. Rollie Pray, Fort Worth, 4 years; George Strauss, Corpus Christi, 5 years; Tiler, R. M. Rimer, Beaumont; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mark Perry, Amarillo; Chaplain, J. B. Dobbins, Temple. Members of the Gonzales Warm Springs Foundation are M. A. de-Bettencourt, Houston, Chairman, George W. Loudermilk, Dallas, Acting Chairman, C. E. Smeltz, San Antonio, Walter G. Jones, Houston, Fred Knetsch, Seguin, C. B. McConnell, Wichita Falls, and R. J. Clark, Marshall. Dr. Hugh Warren, San Antonio, is Chairman of the State Elks War Commission.

The Elks Band and the Elkadettes did much toward making the convention a success. A bowling tournament was held, and the purely social side of the convention was featured by a barbecue, a dance and the President's Ball.

Moving Picture of Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia

The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

Any Lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.



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Editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP . . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

Membership

MEMBERS of the Order will be well pleased with the Grand Secretary's report on membership which he will submit to the Grand Lodge when it convenes in Chicago. It will show an increase greater than the Order has known for many years, and, better still, it will be a voluntary increase, obtained without the aid of "drives" or "high pressure" campaigns. This is evidence of loyal cooperation on the part of individual members, always essential to an increase. It is also evidence of renewed interest in the Order of Elks on the part of the public. It has been an active year for all Grand Lodge agencies, and for all subordinate lodges. The work of the War Commission in the field of practical patriotism has been given splendid and well deserved publicity. This, and the cooperation in the Nation's war effort by every unit of the Order, bring home to our people the fact that the Elks, individually and collectively, are a national asset, and public opinion is reflected in the increasing momentum of its progress.

To the Bitter End

AS THE battle lines are drawn closer, and the day of defeat for the Axis forces nears, the American people may look for renewed propaganda agitating for a "negotiated" peace. It is the only hope of the war criminals to escape their just dues, and when the time seems propitious, efforts will be increased to enlist the sympathy of those whose pacifist proclivities make them easy dupes of scheming enemy agents. One such movement called "Peace Now" was launched a short time ago under the guise of a patriotic attempt to end the bloodshed and devastation of war by negotiation. It was a trial balloon sent up to test public opinion. Unfortunately for its objectives, about the time of the launching, the War Department released the story of Japanese atrocities towards American prisoners, and that was the end of "Peace Now." Unless the war is unduly prolonged beyond the expectations of the Allied commands, it is not likely that such propaganda will make even a ripple on the surface of the war effort, but it is surprising how many so-called Americans there are who, through soft-heartedness, sympathy and sometimes wishful thinking, allow their names to be used in connection with "humanitarian" projects looking to end

the war. America is not a warlike nation. Our people love peace, but every American knows that our men are fighting today to save their sons and grandsons from fighting another war in the not far distant future. The war must go on to the bitter end, until complete military victory is assured.

The Grand Lodge

THE Grand Lodge is an administrative and deliberative body. It governs the Order through representation. The Representative is the agent of the subordinate lodge. He has a voice in the proceedings, which may be raised for or against any measure he thinks affects his lodge or the welfare of the Order. It is his duty to attend the Grand Lodge Session, take part in the proceedings, and guard the interests of his lodge. This is a year of national crisis. The proceedings of the Grand Lodge will be devoted largely to the war effort, administered through democratic processes. To paraphrase, the Grand Lodge represents government of the members, for the members and by the members through accredited Representatives. It is the obligation of every subordinate lodge to be represented.

Construction Corps

AN OUTSTANDING achievement of the Elks' cooperation with the war effort is the part played in the enlistment of the Army Construction Corps and the Navy Seabees. The War Commission entered the campaign at the request of the Joint Board of the Army and Navy, and, with the cooperation of subordinate lodges, completed the job of enlisting the quota of engineering specialists three months ahead of schedule. Since taking the field the Army Corps and Seabees have accomplished the seemingly impossible. Building roads, repairing equipment, laying out air fields in enemy territory under the hottest fire, these men have demonstrated that American resourcefulness, daring, initiative and mechanical skill far outweigh the vaunted "efficiency" of enemy robots. Where the doughboy lands, and the Marine and sailor land, the Construction Corps and the Seabees land also. They are playing a brilliant part in winning the war and all Elks may take pride in the fact that their Order had a large share in bringing the Army Corps and Seabees up to full strength in record time.

CHARITY

JUSTICE

BROTHERLY LOVE

FIDELITY



Removing the Liberty Bell for safekeeping at the approach of Howe's army, Philadelphia, September, 1777*

PHILADELPHIA *Honoured for Tradition*



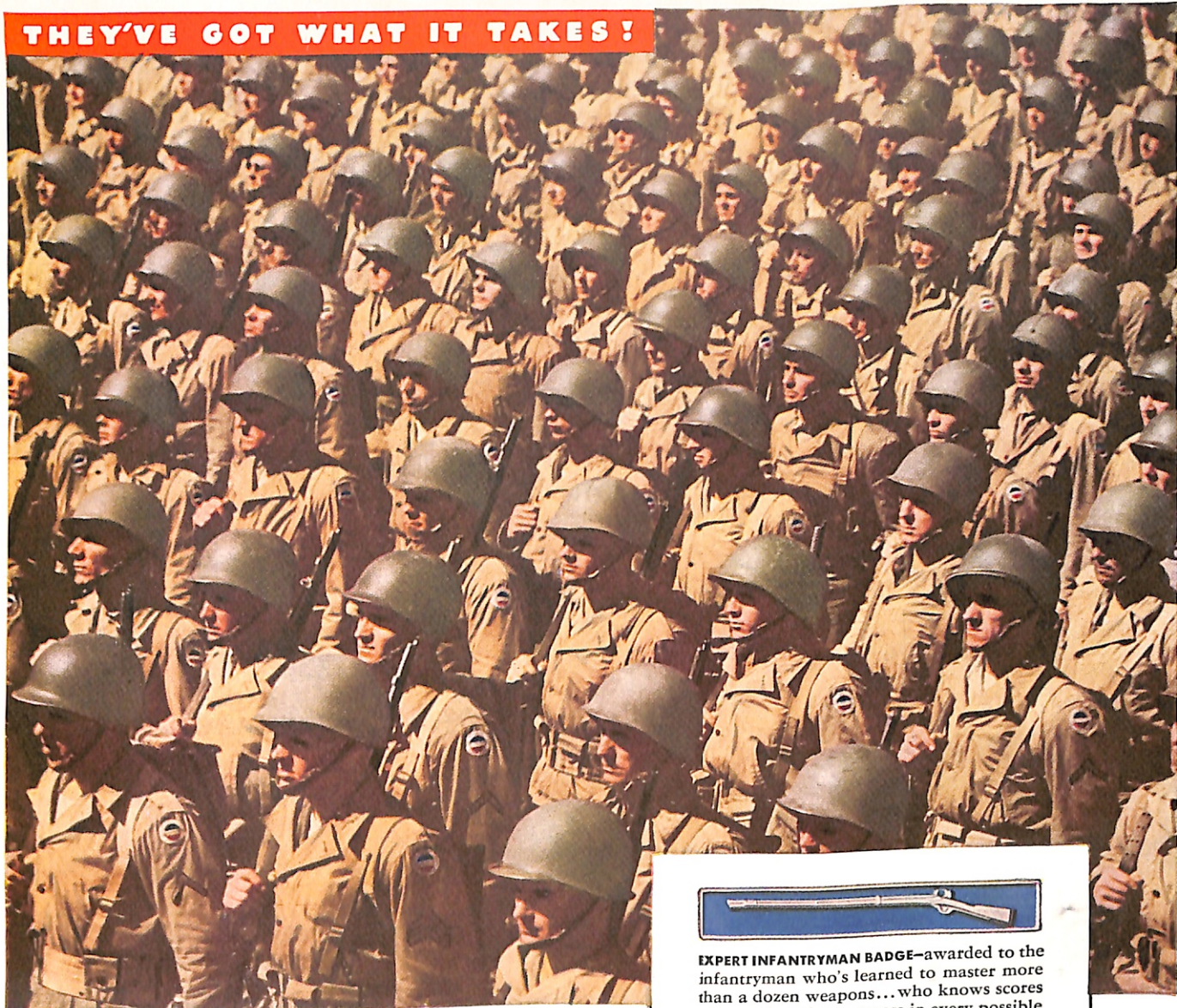
86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits



*"Proclaim Liberty throughout the land,
and to all the people thereof!" . . . prophetic inscription
cast on the Liberty Bell by Pass and Stow in 1752,
long prior to the Revolution.*

America owes much to the good citizens of Colonial Philadelphia for the noble traditions they preserved for generations to come. Theirs was a forthright character, sturdy, yet mellowed with a joyous gusto for good living. This "heritage of hospitality" is today graciously sustained by Philadelphia Blend. A whisky of such rare excellence, you might justly reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!



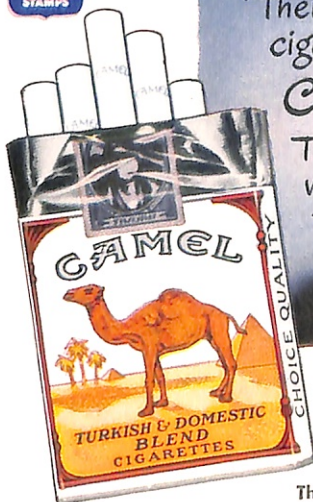
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



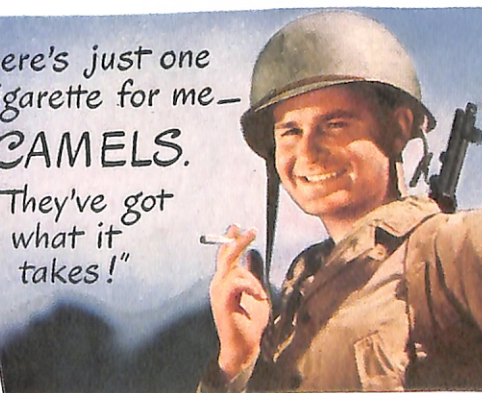
EXPERT INFANTRYMAN BADGE—awarded to the infantryman who's learned to master more than a dozen weapons... who knows scores of complicated maneuvers in every possible type of terrain — Johnny Doughboy!

Meet Johnny Doughboy—EXPERT INFANTRYMAN!

BUY
WAR BONDS
STAMPS



"There's just one
cigarette for me—
CAMELS.
They've got
what it
takes!"



HE'S EQUIPPED as no infantryman has ever been before... he's trained as a specialist in dozens of jobs... and as Johnny Doughboy marches along, you can see he's plenty proud to be part of the U. S. Infantry! Mostly, he's thinking about the job ahead... but sometimes, when cigarettes are lighted, he'll be thinking of home... for as Johnny tells it, those Camels he carries with him are "just like a taste of home."

Yes, Johnny Doughboy's favorite pack is Camel, the mild, cool-smoking cigarette with that famous "I'd walk a mile" flavor.

FIRST IN THE SERVICE — CAMELS

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)